THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1288

AUGUST 22, 1928

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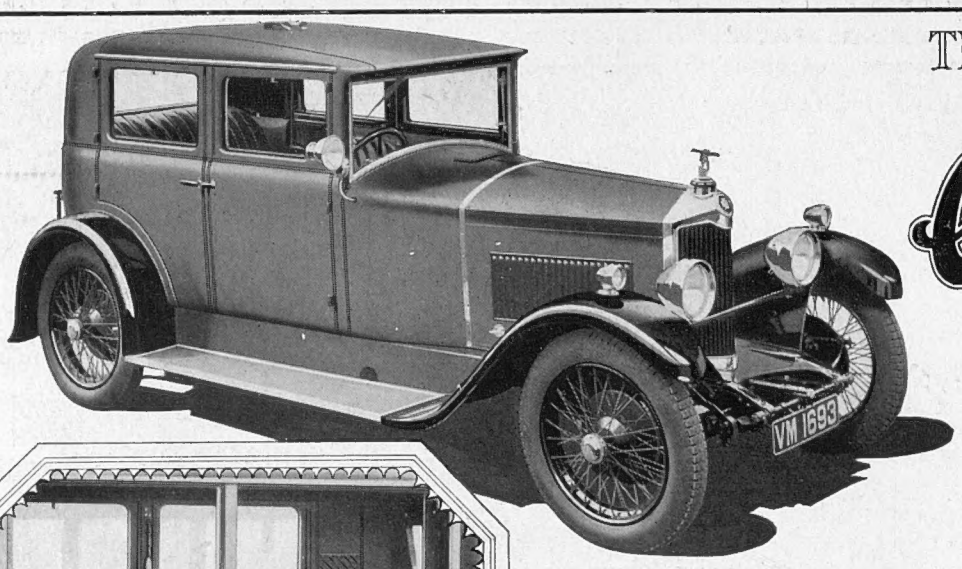

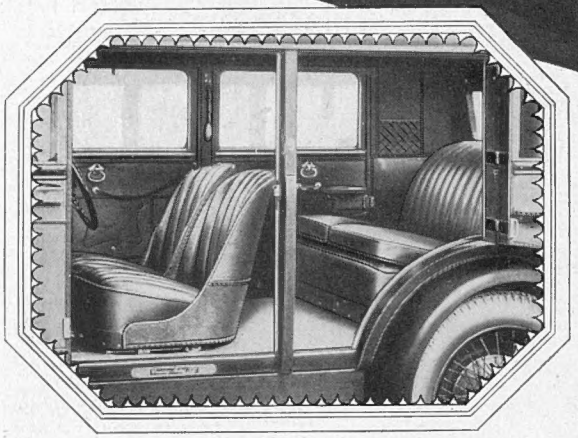

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The Quality Six

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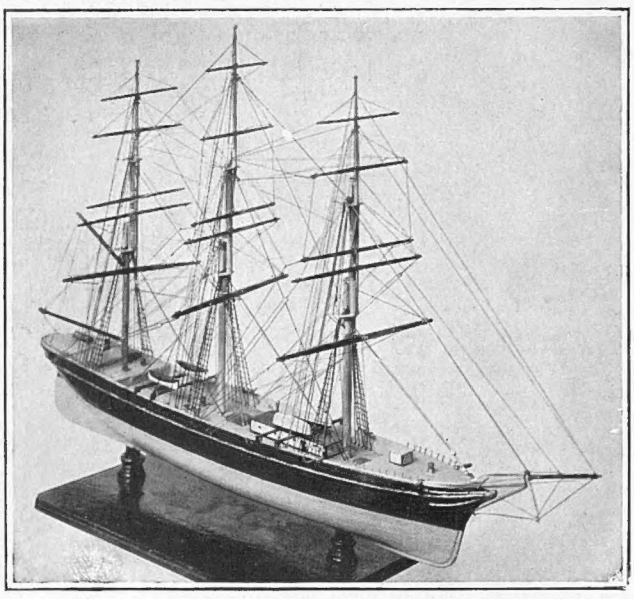
"THERMOPYLAE"



MODEL BY
FRANK H. MASON

The Sporting Gallery announces the production of an exquisite model of the famous Tea Clipper "THERMOPYLAE." This piece has been made in answer to repeated requests for a true model of one of the old sailing ships which should do justice to the grace and beauty of the original vessel, and at the same time be within reach of a moderate purse. Mr. Mason's model, an excellent example of this well-known craftsmanship and "sea-sense," admirably fulfils these requirements, alike in its fine proportions and beautiful finish and detail. Twenty-five reproductions only are for sale, and each will be numbered and signed. The price is Twenty Guineas (packing and transport extra), and orders will be executed in strict rotation.

An example can be seen in the remarkable Exhibition of Ship Models now being held in The Sporting Gallery.

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The Bystander, August 22, 1928 No. 1288. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 9—G. R. O. CROLE-REES

One of the leading lights of the Middlesex County team, "Crole" has achieved many successes since he won the Welsh Singles, Doubles, and Mixed Doubles Championships in 1924. A popular Davis Cup player, he is frequently seen at his best in a Men's Double

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

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AT BROOMHALL *Sport and General*

A photograph taken at Lord Elgin's residence, Broomhall, during the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Dunfermline. The group shows, standing at back: Colonel the Hon. David Bruce, Mr. Hugh Gurney, Mr. A. Gurney, Admiral Brooke and Capt. M. Wemyss. Standing in second row: Lady Helen Graham (left), the Hon. Mrs. D. Bruce, Mr. Shearer, the Town Clerk, and Mrs. Shearer, Mrs. Wilson, Lady Victoria Wemyss, Mrs. Hugh Gurney and a Burgh official. Seated: Sir Ralph Anstruther (left), the Countess of Elgin with the Hon. James Bruce, the Duke and Duchess of York, in front of whom are Lady Martha Bruce, Lord Bruce and Lady Jane Bruce, the Earl of Elgin, Lady Anstruther and Provost Wilson

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen's Visits

I THINK it is no exaggeration to say that the Queen has stayed in more country houses than any other member of the Royal Family. Her mother, the Duchess of Teck, delighted in paying country visits. Her diary, which was published some years ago, shows, every year, a succession of such visits to big houses from one end of England to the other. And the Duchess was always accompanied by the Queen, then "Princess May." The Duchess of Teck was a delightful visitor, and in the diary you find her returning year after year to the same houses.

As Duchess of York and Princess of Wales the Queen also paid many country house visits, but since the King's accession her many duties and engagements make such visits only possible between Cowes and the time when Her Majesty joins the King at Balmoral.

This year the Queen's first visit was to the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, at St. Giles House in Dorsetshire. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury are amongst the Queen's most intimate friends. Lord Shaftesbury was the Queen's Chamberlain for nine years when she was the Princess of Wales, and her Lord Chamberlain for twelve years after the accession. Since then he has been Lord Steward of the Household. He is the grandson of that Earl of Shaftesbury who, by his lifelong labours for the poor roused the English aristocracy to a sense of their duties and responsibilities towards poverty and suffering outside their own tenantry and dependants. He was the founder of many charitable organisations, and the direct inspirer of many more. In his family he is always spoken of as "The Great and Good." Lady Shaftesbury is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

One visit the Queen always pays on her way to Balmoral after crossing the Tweed. This to the Duchess of York's sister, Lady Elphinstone, and her husband at Carberry Tower, near Musselburgh, not far from Edinburgh. And from Carberry the Queen generally goes over

UP IN SCOTLAND *Brit. Illus.*

The Countess of Home with her daughters, the Lady Bridget Douglas and the Lady Rachael Douglas. The photograph was taken in the grounds of their Scottish home, Douglas Castle, where they are entertaining during the shooting season

Topical

A GARDEN PARTY IN IRELAND

A photograph taken at the recent garden party held at the residence of Lord and Lady Ardee at Kilonddey, Co. Wicklow. The group includes the Earl of Meath, Mrs. Moneill, Lord and Lady Ardee and the Hon. Arthur Brabazon

to Holyrood, where the Royal apartments have been entirely refurnished and redecorated according to her directions, to see that all is in order.

Delightful Reminiscences

I HAVE just been reading a delightful book of reminiscences, *From a Great-Grandmother's Arm-Chair*, by the Countess Dowager of Radnor. Before her husband's succession Lady Radnor, as Lady Folkestone, put amateur music on a status which until then had been unknown. Besides possessing a beautiful voice she had a profound knowledge of music, and formed a ladies' orchestra and choir which were famous in their day.

Lady Radnor was the sister of the late Viscount Chaplin, and possesses, in spite of her fourscore years, the same vivid interest in life and in her friends which was the strong characteristic of "The Squire." To whatever she has put her hand she has made it a success. Her orchestra is only one example. On the Guidecca, at Venice, she created a wonderful garden, and yet another at Cookham, where for many summers her gondola, rowed by a Venetian gondolier, was a familiar sight on the Thames. And Lady Radnor, too, has made a success of friendship. Incidentally, she publishes a poem by Mr E. F. Benson, which shows a side of that versatile writer's character unsuspected even by one of his brothers.

How the Prince Got His Name

LADY RADNOR tells this interesting little history. In 1902 she met the King, then Prince of Wales, at Hall Barn, and sat next to him at dinner. She asked him if he remembered "How I had sent a message to the then Duchess of York by Blanche Lady Waterford that if a boy was born to them one of his names might be David"? H.R.H. with a little laugh said, "I remember quite well, and we never call him anything else."

Lady Radnor then goes on to say, "The facts of the story were these. When the time arrived and the present Prince of Wales was born, I was at Folkestone, but I asked Blanche, Lady Waterford (whom I knew well before she was married and had gone to Ireland), having told her how our Royal Family was descended from 'King David of the Psalms,' to go and see H.R.H. on the matter. On being made acquainted with our desire the Princess said that she herself had no objection to calling her son 'David,' but she wondered what reason she could give for calling him by that name. I then suggested that to any names she wished to give him she should add the names of the Patron Saints, *i.e.*, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David. This was done, and that is how the Prince of Wales came by the name of David."

The Heir and the Gift

THE making over of estates by fathers to sons in order to avoid crushing death duties has become a commonplace, but I believe the Earl of Orford's handing over Wolterton Park to his next heir, a distant cousin, is the first occasion on which a remote successor not yet of age has has been so considered. The heir is an Eton boy of fifteen, Robert Montgomerie Walpole, and you would have to study the Orford pedigree for some time before you determined his exact relationship to Lord Orford, the cousinship being many times removed.

The boy-owner of Wolterton will not succeed to the Earldom of Orford, that Earldom becoming extinct on the death of the present holder. But he will succeed to the barony of Walpole.

There have been two creations of Earls of Orford. The first was in favour of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Prime Minister, who, in spite of the active dislike of George II, held that supreme political office in the country for years together. This creation ended with Horace Walpole, the letter-writer and the creator of Strawberry Hill, who succeeded his nephew when he was

Planet

IN GERMANY NOW

Sir Horace Rumbold, the new British Ambassador to Germany, photographed leaving the Presidential Palace. This was after presenting his credentials to President Hindenburg

Keystone

AT AIX-LES-BAINS

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin photographed on their annual holidays. They are seen here on a sunny morning at Aix-les-Bains

a very old man. Horace Walpole was succeeded as Lord Walpole by a cousin, who later on was created Earl of Orford.

The present Lord Orford is the fifth Earl of the second creation. He succeeded his uncle thirty years ago. Lord Orford has been married twice, but has a daughter only by each marriage. The daughter of his first marriage to a charming American, Miss Corbin, is Lady Dorothy Mills, who writes entertaining books on her adventurous wanderings, and has a dazzlingly painted front door to her house in Ebury Street.

Lord and Lady Orford are going to New Zealand in September for Lord Orford's health, and will be away for perhaps two years.

LADY RAEBURN (second from left), MISS PATRICIA RAEBURN, MASTER DIGBY RAEBURN, and MISS CAROL JOHNSON

Some of those who were present at the Inverary Highland gathering which was held recently in the Stable Park, Inverary, in Argyllshire. This meeting was as picturesque in its Highland dress as always, and was well attended

MRS. LLOYD, MISS DIANA LLOYD and LT.-COL. T. O. LLOYD OF MINARD

SIR NORMAN LAMONT AND THE MACLACHLAN OF MACLACHLAN

Photographs *Sport and General*

LADY SETON (facing camera), MR. ALEXANDER SETON and MR. BRUCE SETON

A New Air Hat

ARE there more women flyers in France than in England? I ask the question because one of the leading *modistes* of Paris has just created a new hat for *aviatrices*—as they call dames who fly in France. To give *éclat* to the creation she asked Costes and Le Brix, the two "aces" of France, who recently flew round the world together, to sign the original model. They what is called "obliged" at once. The wonderful ladies who bathe in diamond earrings and pearl necklaces,

SELECTIONS FROM KEMPTON

A trio of photographs of onlookers and other racing folk at the Kempton Park Second Summer Meeting. The late start at 3 p.m. proved a success, the first race being run before a crowd distinctly bigger than usual

LADY CHESHAM WITH MR. F. HARTIGAN

Photographs *News Illus.*

LORD CARNARVON AND C. ELLIOTT

COL. AND MRS. G. H. DRUMMOND

who dine at ten or eleven o'clock, and gamble until four, six, and even eight *ack emma* at Deauville, will have the opportunity of buying this first model of the *chapeau aviatrice*. It is to be sold at that *plage* of flowers and millions for charity.

Lord Frederic Hamilton

JUST as economic conditions have made the phrase "a man about town," old-fashioned and out of date, so social conditions—combined with the economic—will make it impossible for this generation to produce a Lord Frederic Hamilton. Younger sons, even of Dukes, have neither time nor means in these days to follow the pleasant yet occupied existence which used to be summed up in the description, "He is a man of leisure.

Lord Frederic's death leaves one only son, Lord Ernest Hamilton, of the seven sons born to the first Duke of Abercorn and his Duchess, a daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford. Of these sons, Lord George was a statesman; Lord Claud was for many years the head of an important railway company; Lord Ernest is a novelist.

Lord Frederic was first in diplomacy, then he tried politics, and for a time was editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* when it was owned by the late Viscount Astor. Then he took to writing thrilling detective stories, and published two books of reminiscences which are of high historical value. He had a delightful personality and a keen sense of humour which is always cropping up in his reminiscences. Of the two, I have always liked *The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday* the better. It tells one story of the ex-Kaiser which I have never forgotten. In the late seventies of the last century the then Lord Ampthill was our Ambassador in Berlin. His wife was an intimate friend of the then Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick. Prince William (the ex-Kaiser) wanted to learn to row, so Lady Ampthill undertook to teach him. The lesson was to be on the Jungfernsee at Potsdam. Lady Ampthill took her place in the stern of the skiff, explaining to the young Prince that when he got in he must step exactly in the middle of the boat. But the young man had "never taken advice from anybody in his life, and was also convinced that he knew best." So he jumped into the middle of the boat. Over it went, and he and Lady Ampthill were flung into sixteen feet of water. The future ex-Kaiser couldn't swim, but Lady Ampthill could, and for five minutes she held him up until they were rescued. As Lord Frederick said, but for this, William of Hohenzollern "would unquestionably have ended his life in the Jungfernsee, and millions of other men would

Alfieri

AT THE RUGBY WEEK

The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay and her children, Patricia and Kenneth, with Captain Maurice Kingscote on the last day of the Rugby Polo Week. Captain Kingscote played No. 1 of the Pilgrims, who beat Cawston House in the final

AN ESSEX WEDDING *Topical*

Group-Captain W. F. MacNeece Foster, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., and his bride, formerly Miss Jean Bruce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bruce, leaving St. Peter's Church, South Weald, Essex, after their wedding. Group-Captain Foster is our Air-Representative at the League of Nations

Quick Pictures

LEAVING ST. COLUMBA'S

Surgeon-Lieut. A. Sinclair Nicol, H.M.S. Hood, the only son of the late Rev. A. Sinclair Nicol and Mrs. Nicol, of Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, with his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Moates, leaving St. Colomba's, Pont Street, after their wedding. Mrs. Nicol is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Moates, of Penrose, N.S.W., and Manchester Street, London

have been permitted to live out their allotted span of existence."

"Old Splendid"

LORD FREDERIC'S father, the first Duke of Abercorn, who was twice Viceroy of Ireland, was always known as "Old Splendid." He did everything superbly. Dukes could in those days. It was said that the housemaids had to wear kid gloves when they made his bed. He had fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters, and I think it is a record in ducal families that each daughter married nobody below the rank of an earl. Four of them were Countesses—Lichfield, Durham, Mount Edgcumbe, and Winterton. One was Duchess of Buccleuch, a most stately figure at Queen Victoria's Court as Mistress of the Robes. And two — who still survive—are Albertha, Marchioness of Blandford, mother of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne.

The Abercorn dukedom only dates back sixty years, but the present Duke, who is the popular Governor of Northern Ireland, is the third holder of the title.

Only two dukedoms have been created since—that of Westminster in 1874 and that of Fife in 1889.

Lafayette

MLLE. RENÉE BENOIST

Whose engagement to Mr. A. Baldwin Raper has been annouced. She is the only daughter of the late M. Hector and Mme. Benoist, of Lille

THE QUEEN'S HOSTESS *Speaight*

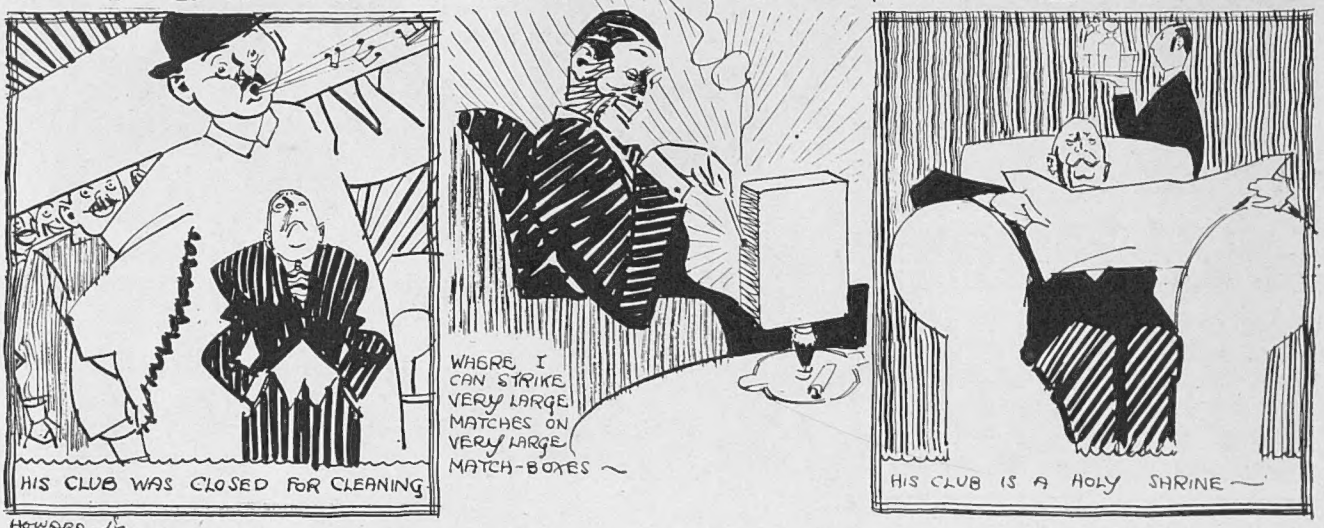
The Duchess of Beaufort, the Queen's niece, who is entertaining Her Majesty at Badminton this month. The Queen is paying her usual round of country house visits before joining the King at Balmoral

The Trek to the Moors

TRAINS to the North for the opening of grouse shooting were so crowded that some of them had to be run in as many as six sections.

Never have so many Americans come over for the shooting. The reason is that some of the steamship companies have rented moors, and have offered an inclusive price to Americans for the passage to and from New York and for board, residence and shooting. The price is not a small one, but the inclusive tickets have been literally gobbled up. And, further, arrangements have been made for the prowess of these guns to be sent to America in cold storage!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



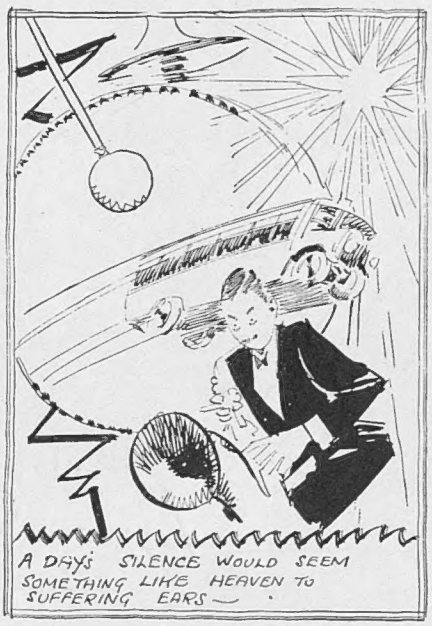
SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

I Met a Man . . .

I MET a man in London yesterday . . . Interval (indicated thus . . .) to allow the reader to register pained surprise that anybody should have met anybody else at this time of the year. For, of course, there is nobody in London in August. To be exact, there are some odd millions of nobodies—including myself. (Accused pleaded in extenuation that he had only come up for the day on urgent business.)

A Man with a Grouse

ANYWAY, I met this man. He was a man with a grouse. In fact, he had two. Do not misunderstand me. I don't mean that he was walking about the West End with a brace of grouse, trophy of marksmanship upon some far northern moorland at the end of a gun. I mean he had a grievance. It was, as Pooh might have said, *that* kind of grouse. He told me, as though announcing the collapse of civilisation and the death of society, that his club was closed for cleaning. He wore that air of passionate misery that Adam must have worn on the occasion of his ejection from Paradise.



A Flippant Attitude

AND there is, no doubt, a type of good citizen to whom the club is indeed an Eden, and to whom the closing of its doors comes as the cataclysmic end of all things. For myself, I am not old enough or mellow enough—my ninety-fifth birthday is some years ahead—to have reached that anchorite-like state of religious devotion towards my club. My attitude towards club life may be condemned as degradingly flippant. I am light-minded enough to look upon my club as a place where I can sit about on jolly saddlebag chairs, read all the papers that I cannot afford to buy for myself, if I can grab them before my fellow-members, and strike very large matches—this is an unending delight—on very large match-boxes.

The Compleat Clubman

THIS attitude, I confess, is the attitude of the heathen, the vandal, the lesser breed without the law. To the compleat clubman his club is a holy shrine; its atmosphere the hushed air of a cathedral at sunset, where, like some rapt acolyte, a lone waiter passes, carrying a whisky and soda as though it were a holy relic of some long dead saint. A deep, devotional silence broods; the wings of Peace brush softly. Your clubman, deep in a leather chair like a spatted angel upon a cloud, is reading *The Times*. The paper is upside down. What boots it? The devotee's eyes are closed . . . Ah, that were Paradise enow!

The Dreadful Alternative

"BUT surely," I sympathised, "there is no need for you to wander up and down Pall Mall like a disembodied spirit! Does not some other club give you hospitality during this trying period?" "It does," he groaned. Then he shuddered. "Dreadful people!" Then I realised what had never occurred to me before: that the members of other clubs—of *any* other club—are, to the perfect clubman, dreadful people. It is indeed a most solemn thought.

"And so," I murmured, "you will have to——"

"I shall have to go home," he breathed, brokenly. And so, a tragic figure, he passed upon his way.

A Noisy Noise Annoys

ARDENT reformers—what marvellously energetic people reformers are—are seeking to save us from the plague of noise that daily besets us. Our life (they say with a certain amount of truth) has become one vast din. Traffic rumblings, motor horns, factory buzzers, jazz bands—there are a hundred sounds that torture the tympanum. A day's silence would seem something like heaven to suffering ears. Yet what are your good

reformers going to do about it? You cannot stop a motor 'bus from making a noise *like* a motor 'bus. If you forbid klaxons to clack you will make the harassed pedestrian's expectation of life even shorter than it is. And as for jazz bands, no human power can quell them. It is all very difficult.

Rural Peace

WEARY city dwellers long, no doubt, for the quiet and peace of the countryside. Such quiet is illusory. Be your cottage never so secluded, you will not altogether escape the great god Din. Hens will cluck, ganders will hiss, donkeys will bray, and goats will make sounds that are goat-like and displeasing. Aeroplanes will do spinning nose-dives over your chimney. And, worst of all, sparrows will build in your thatch—I mean, of course, the thatch of your cottage—and quarrel with all the vocal virulence of a Peace Conference. You will come in time to long for some soothing locality—like Ludgate Hill. It is, I repeat, all very difficult.

The Best Season

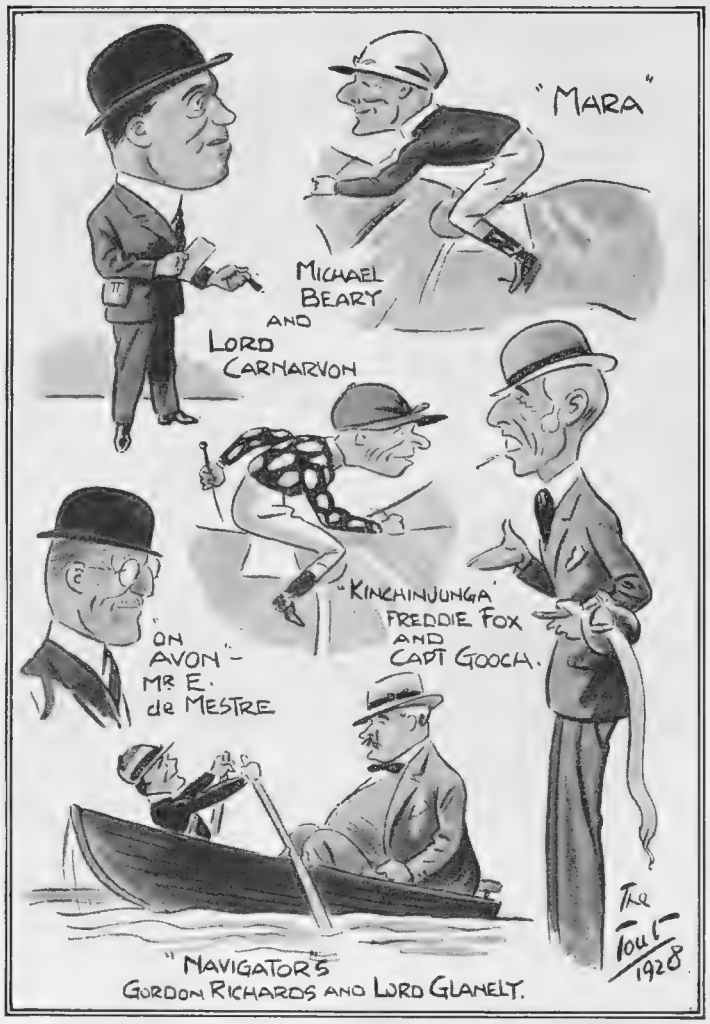
I SUPPOSE one might argue forever as to which season shows the English countryside. Some are for the spring, when the hawthorn is budding and daffodils nod in the copse. Some, with good argument, are for the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness, for the crimson and gold of autumn. Some would even stand their ground for the time when frost jewels sparkle on bare branches. But what of late summer? How about now? Rows of sheaves in the fields, and juicy red apples in the orchards . . . And (except that I must not ride my hobby-horse too hard) I could tell you a thing or two about Victoria plums . . .

Blots on the Landscape

WHILE we praise the beauty of rural England, it might not be inappropriate to express the fervent hope that we may always have a rural England to praise. The English landscape—the loveliest in the world—suffers in places from disfigurements which cannot but make the judicious grieve. There is a time and a place for everything, but while one is enjoying a particularly fine sunset, one scarcely wishes to be reminded of the (admitted) virtues of (say) Pumbleby's puppy biscuits or Wuffo, the Wonder Koff Kure, in letters fourteen feet high. One might almost compose a litany concerning the things which disfigure. From the worst type of petrol pump (we might pray), from bungalows of the nightmare sort, good Lord deliver us! The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is doing sterling work in this direction.

By David Wilson

THE "JUDGMENT OF PARIS!" AUGUST, 1928



SOME RECENT WINNERS By "The Tout"

Lord Carnarvon won the Great Midland Breeders' Plate at Nottingham with Mara, "Micky" Beery up, whilst Kinchinjunga annexed the Goodwood Cup for Capt. Gooch's stable, ridden by the veteran F. Fox. Mr. de Mestre has won six races off the reel with On Avon, and Navigator has been in fine form for Lord Glanely and his pilot Gordon Richards

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Later Starts

I am glad to learn the Kempton Park people were satisfied with the results of their experiment of beginning racing an hour later than usual at last week's fixture. Mr. Walter Hyde, the secretary of the Club, tells me that the receipts on the opening day were twenty-five per cent. in advance of those of the corresponding afternoon last year, while on the second day the returns, if not quite so good, were at all events encouraging. It remains to be seen whether other courses will follow the lead in the matter of later racing. I am inclined to believe that the innovation is not particularly popular with the majority of people who go racing fairly regularly, but the later start certainly does not keep these folk away. The real question is whether the change will introduce a number of visitors to the meeting who cannot conveniently get to the courses for 1.30 or 2 o'clock starts. Obviously it is only in summer-time that later racing can be practicable, and when the days begin to draw in we shall hear no more of the experiment until next year.

Lord Dewar's Good Colt

Lord Dewar was the luckiest owner at Kempton. He won two races on the opening day and another on the second. We had heard a lot about his colt, The Black Abbot, so his appearance in the Maiden Plate on Thursday caused a good deal of interest. The bookmakers, of course, had their cards well marked as to the promise which this colt had displayed in his gallops at Beckhampton. It was a little amusing to hear their shouts of "I'll take odds" when the betting opened. The laying fraternity quickly discovered that nobody was prepared to lay odds on a colt who was running for the first time in a field of twenty. Thus they were obliged to offer more generous terms, and The Black Abbot was a 7 to 4 chance at starting. He did nothing to falsify his reputation, winning with extreme ease. He was inclined to play up a bit at the start and I hope this need not be taken as a sign that the colt has a bit of a temper. It is not surprising that he is a good one, seeing that his dam is that noted mare Lady Juror.

The "Tote"

I dare say the Stock Exchange Committee were quite right in assuming that the coming of the totalisator would lead to a flood of flotations of different types of betting machines. They made a timely move in announcing that they could not recognise dealings in the shares of totalisator companies except in the case of a machine taken up by the Racecourse Betting Control Board. Now, I have seen a number of different working models of totalisators during the present year, and I cannot say that any of them has impressed me as likely to stand the strain of racecourse betting. One machine which has stood a practical test in various parts of the world is that which is now in operation at Longchamp. It is long odds that the Jockey Club will eventually recommend this model for adoption at Newmarket and elsewhere.

Felstead's Progress

It has been hoped that we should see a glimpse of Felstead at the Hurst Park meeting, but Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen was good enough to tell me last week that the original intention of giving him a gallop in the Richemount Stakes had been abandoned. After having recently been through a course of physic the Derby winner is not quite at his best just now, but there is nothing really wrong with him and his owner and trainer are hopeful that he will be at the top of his form in Doncaster week. In the meantime Fairway has become a stronger favourite than Felstead for the last of the classic races, but a great many people will continue to prefer Sir Hugo's colt for the St. Leger by reason of the fine staying powers he is known to possess. It cannot be definitely stated that Fairway will fail to stay the St. Leger course, but I count a good deal on the fact that he is not bred so stoutly as the Derby winner.

In the North

This week many of us will be racing at Stockton, always one of the most pleasant of the North-country fixtures. It serves as an agreeable preliminary to the more important gathering at York, where the racing bids fair to come fully up to its usual standard of interest. Lord Glanely, who has been winning quite a lot of good races during his absence on the Continent, is probably sorry that he did not enter Navigator for the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes on Tuesday. To judge by the easy manner in which this three-year-old repeated his Goodwood success at Nottingham last week he must be about the smartest sprinter of his age in training. Among speedy three-year-olds engaged in the sprint at York are Golden Oracle and Doch-an-Doris. They will be up against something pretty smart in the four-year-old Tag End, who may win this good race for Mr. Jack Joel. A feature of the sport on the Tees-side course on Wednesday will be the Stockton Handicap, in which **Ironclad** appears to me to have a reasonably good winning chance. On the concluding day of the meeting comes the Durham County Produce Plate, for which **Constant Son** is my selection.

Answering the Call of the Sea at Deauville

Sport and General

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN WITH HER DAUGHTER PATRICIA (left) AND THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON WITH HER TWO CHILDREN JOHN AND SARAH

Alfieri

LORD STANLEY

Sport and General

LORD AND LADY SHAUGHNESSY

Sport and General

THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN

Above are seen some of the many well-known visitors who have found a very delectable "place in the sun" by—and in—the anything but sad sea waves at Deauville. Here is to be found every amusement the holiday-maker can seek, from bathing to baccarat, or from paddling to polo, which makes Deauville the holiday resort *par excellence*

DO WE LIKE BAD MEN?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"The usual country hotel"

LONDON, *August* 20.

DEAR COUSIN,

THIS is problem time, you know—the so-called Silly Season sort. So here's the first. *Do women like bad men,* do you think? Yes, one of them's just been saying, because they know how to talk to you so much better and make you feel all lovely (or anyway nice to look at), whereas the good ones make you feel plain. Well, of course, it all rather depends on what you mean by bad, too, doesn't it—or good, for that matter. And now hearken also unto a solemn (male) commentator who portentously declares that "the notorious tolerance of women for rakes" isn't due to the special attractiveness of bad men. Oh, no, *ma chère*—just a "protest against a standard of morality" that thinks virtue is achieved by pretending to ignore our natural instincts and passions . . . and a lot more of the same.

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JUST fancy that, now! Doing it all on high moral principles we are, it seems, not in the very least because we like doing it—isn't it just like a man to invent and cherish and embroider a beautiful theory like that? And anyway, what *are* rakes? Someone once said every woman was a rake at heart, though no one knows quite exactly what he meant, and I dare say he didn't, either. And someone else—I think it was R. L. S.—quite seriously advised women never to marry a man who didn't drink and smoke. Is *that* what they meant by a good man, do you think—*and* contrariwise or vice versa and so on? Or is a bad man (or rake) the sort, I wonder, who's had quite a lot of *affaires*—or anyway's believed or generally reputed to? In which case just poss., is not it (said she, only asking for information, like Rosa Dartle, wasn't it), that we may be just trying to find out (and p'raps finding) what kind of charm's won him all those *succès,* or might have, and not any of above-mentioned moral protesting business (I should smile), after all.

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AND by the way (problems being in the air), do men likewise like good women? Yes, yes, of course; a thousand times yes—the cry goes up full-throated, methinks, from a thousand stately homes of England and clubs and offices, places where men do congregate. And no man ever wants to talk to any woman on whom the very least breath of scandal (they call it that if it's a woman) has ever rested or ever looks like even hovering? They's got to be utterly blameless and obviously always going to be—none of those come-hither looks, even, or glints-in-the-eye sort of thing? Quite quite and also well well. . . . But about those bad men—I suppose they don't mean thereby, by any chance, the kind commonly known as bounders or outsiders, and such-like. Which it's another firm and rooted masculine belief that women quite frequently fall for, though as a matter of fact we're mostly *ever* so much quicker to detect a *real* wrong 'un (even if we do occasionally forgive 'em for wearing the wrong kind of shoes or being too enthusiastic), so there.

"Thoroughly respectable people are boring"

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TALKING of which kind of bad men—somewhat striking example thereof, I suppose, in Mr. Galsworthy's play *Loyalties,* that they're giving at Wyndham's again just now. A young Hebrew called De Levis, he is, who's staying at a big English country house where he's been invited just because he's very rich. And someone pinches £1,000 in notes from his bedroom while he's having a bath, though he'd locked the door (rather nice typical touch), and he makes a fuss about it and accuses a hard-up D.S.O. captain of unimpeachable birth and lineage, and everyone's fearfully indignant with him about it and calls him a dirty dog

for biting the hand that fed him, so to speak. And he offers to keep quiet if they hand his money back; but, of course, said Capt. can hardly do *that*, whereupon aristocratic host hints the rich young Israelite'll be blackballed for the Bachelor's or White's or somewhere he's up for if he talks, which settles it for the moment. But he *is* blackballed, which puts the fat in the fire, as you might say, and eventually all's discovered and the well-born thief shoots himself and everyone weeps over his body and the blatant "climber" remains the villain of the piece.

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A RATHER nice bit of satire, what? Or is it being merely human—I'm not quite certain. De Levis is really quite in the right from beginning to end—yet you can't help sympathising somehow with the other crowd because he really *is* so innocently, honestly and, I'm sure quite unintentionally, offensive. Yet you know if one talked to him he might quite conceivably be ever so much more amusing than the county-family people in the play, who are by the way also completely immoral (though dull) by all the recognised George Washington standards and things. All very puzzling, is not it? Only goes to prove once more, *n'est-ce-pas*, that it takes all sorts to make a world—and the world's got 'em too, what's more. And it's only the utterly and completely respectable ones, without a single blot on their 'scutcheons, or anything else for that matter, that are utterly and completely boring—as women, mark you once more, have always found out ever so much more quickly than men.

"Women like bad men"

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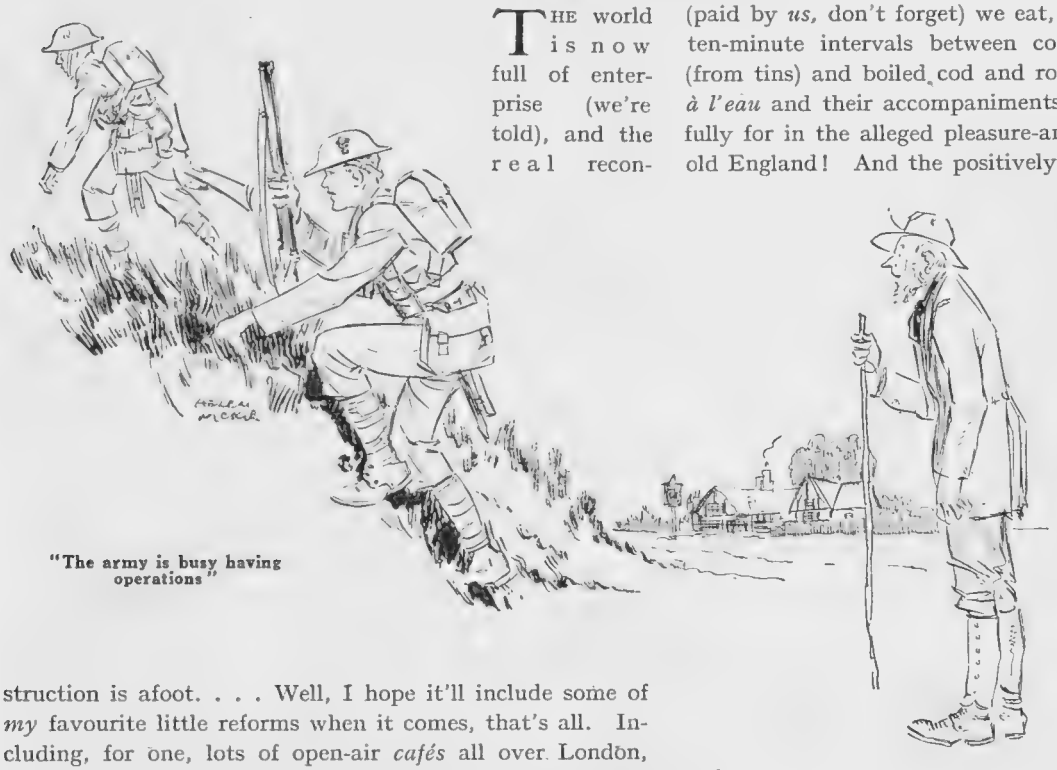
THE world is now full of enterprise (we're told), and the real reconstruction is afoot. . . . Well, I hope it'll include some of *my* favourite little reforms when it comes, that's all. Including, for one, lots of open-air *cafés* all over London, like in Paris and Rome and other benighted spots that haven't got the glorious privilege of the Union Jack (God bless it) waving over 'em. Should like to see, *par exemple* (pardon my little bit of exotic French, but it seems the appropriate language for the occasion), simply heaps of little tiny round tables encroaching on to the pavement from the Piccadilly and the Ritz and the Berkeley and the Carlton and heaps of other places. Whereat should sit all manner of persons male and female sipping at innocent drinks like mixed vermouth, or even iced ginger-beer, and watching the passers-by and discussing events of the day. Also meeting friends at same outdoor *rendezvous*, and even putting tables together and making a party of it—instead of shutting 'emselves up all stuffily at their respective clubs and pubs, what?



"The army is busy having operations"

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SOMEWHAT singularly odd, is not it, the way we let ourselves at present be publicly fed and watered, so to speak? As for example at the usual country hotel, where so many members of a not altogether undeserving community of workers are now taking a not entirely undeserved holiday. Oh those hotels, where for a guinea a day or so (paid by *us*, don't forget) we eat, in pomp and state, and ten-minute intervals between courses, the tomato soup (from tins) and boiled cod and roast mutton and cabbage *à l'eau* and their accompaniments, that we dress so carefully for in the alleged pleasure-and-gaiety resorts of good old England! And the positively *delirious* excitements of the so-called lounges where we inspiredly imbibe our bumpers of essence of coffee and make up our ecstatically joyous games of bumblepuppy bridge!

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BUT no, tut-tut, and also a truce to such profane words. This is England, our England, and who dares to criticise anything that happens for the best in the best of all possible worlds—only occasionally, and then only slightly, disturbed by such holiday problems as the above-mentioned? As Sir John Foster Fraser put it the other day, anyone can be a bit of a devil at Deauville, but if he behaved like that at Hastings somebody would say he was drunk. We've even got an Army nicely and peacefully conducting all sorts of military operations in various parts of the country—so don't be surprised if you fall into an ambush one of these days or get invited to lunch in a trench, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

A Triumvirate of Tees

By PENDARVES

We found ourselves on this peak of the Norfolk coast the other day, Ernest and I and a dissolute-looking car: his, not mine. Ernest said he knew this sort of golf "backwards": was out for blood: that I was a fair to medium four-ball-foursomer: and that if between us we could not take some "boodle" [he is inclined to gross vulgarity at times, is Ernest] off these Norfolk holiday folk, it would be our own fault. It was. For Mundesley, Sheringham and Cromer are in themselves a Triumvirate of Tees, inhabited by a tribe of holiday warriors who "come here every year, don't you know," and have these courses taped out for the vanquishment of the unwary. Our experience, therefore, can serve as a moral to all errant golfers seeking matches (and money) on this bit of coastline.

The undoing began at Mundesley, the most southernly of the three. But a beautifully bracing north-easterly August wind blew in from the sparkling sea, and, as Ernest said, no man can putt in a hurricane. Had he been three up instead of four down on the morning round he would have declared that "a gentle summer breeze does one a power of good when golfing"; for the golfing male is ever thus. Very nice fellows, those Mundesley men, but they had four of our best Treasury Notes before we left their *de*lightful golf course.

"Now this won't do ol' man: won't do at all." We were staying discreetly in the background of Melton Constable, "so as not to be kept up half the damnight at Poker. *I* know 'em." "We must alter our tactics: ridiculous your playing off 6. I *know* its your handicap, but you're not playing down to it. Now look here. . . ." Dark and sinister sayings followed, as the steering wheel was wrenched viciously round corners.

Knots of knowing-looking gentlemen hung about in the vicinity of the club house at Royal Cromer next morning. As is generally the case, even at a popular place like Cromer, even in August, the Caddie-master found a man whose pal had not turned up, "and as I have got a time and would like a game. . . ." Two such there were, and fate fitted us into the picture most adroitly. And in the fullness of time two singles matches drove moderate balls from the first tee.

There are places on the Cromer course where you pass and perchance repass a friend playing on other fairways, for there are narrow valleys between the dunes. At one such I spotted Ernest. He was obviously being solicitous towards his opponent: also he had a sunny smile on his face: and I knew what *that* meant. With me everything was going admirably right.

I must say they were both awfully decent about the whole thing, and invited us to lunch at their hotel close by. They had both been badly beaten: and the golfer who asks a victorious opponent to lunch, not knowing that he isn't an international crook in disguise, has got the real temperament for the game. They took their medicine again very cheerfully in the afternoon foursome. They seemed quite unable to rise above the frequent weakness of each other's strokes.

Ernest and I, on the other hand, became as men inspired. When he drove a long ball I said "that's a peach, old son": and when I put him on the green he would say, "your short game has vastly improved, old chap." In fact, we very *nearly* walked up the fairways hand in hand—you know the feeling. "Take his cheque? I should jolly well think so: perfect sahib: couple of first-rate blokes, both of 'em." We were retiring again towards our inland hostelry; and we agreed, mellowly, that really this Norfolk country wanted a *lot* of beating: as, we added mentally, so did we two.

Ernest had suggested Sheringham on the morrow: and they had both accepted diffidently. "Wouldn't you two rather play together? I mean my game is so putrid at the moment, I feel that you. . . ." Not at all: they knew the Sheringham course and we did not. It would be very nice of them if they would come over—especially as we owed them a revenge . . . ambassadors could not have been more courteous towards each other in any Chancellory. . . .

Both Ernest and I had fishermen for caddies. Men with twinkling blue eyes which winked, the one to the other. Most obnoxious is the winking caddie: though both no doubt were excellent fellows really. . . . But can anyone explain *why* we were idiotic enough to double the stakes in the morning, and treble them in the afternoon? And *why* we were beaten badly in the morning and obliterated in the afternoon—wiped off the Norfolk coastline, in fact? And was their game at Cromer mere camouflage? Or is such a base thought but the malevolence of two men who thought to be clever and were found to be foolish indeed?

A GOLFING OCCASION IN ULSTER *I.B.*

E. McNeilly (left) and H. McCartney, who met in the final round for the Sir Thomas Wilson Cup on the Bangor Municipal Links, Co. Down. The former gained the victory by 2 and 1

Links in the Scottish Season's Chain

Photographs
LADY CRITCHETT

J. C. H. Balmain
MISS BARBARA STEELE

J. C. H. Balmain
MISS SHEILA AND MISS VIOLET GRAHAME

Central News
REAR-ADMIRAL J. U. FARIE, WITH HIS FIANCEE MISS EILA LAURIE

Photographs
MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY

Just as this time of year spells the moors to the ardent shot, so does it spell North Berwick to the golfer who wishes to sample the delights of this Scottish course at its best. North Berwick is now at the height of what a continental resort would describe as its *haute saison*, and the photographs of some of its many visitors appear on this page

J. C. H. Balmain
MRS. GUY MONCRIEFFE

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Withdrawn August 18, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THE scene of the play is laid in Professor Arndt's flat in Vienna at the outbreak of the War, which is presented from the Austrian point of view, so that if we wish we may have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that over there things were rather worse, if anything,

THIS is a gentle but impressive lecture on Pacifism and Profiteering. It is a compendium of most of the wise old sayings in favour of peace on earth that the greater minds have spoken since the beginning of history, and probably before that. We may well imagine that some prehistoric philosopher dimly visualised the general truth that if you hit your neighbour with a flint axe he will in all probability hit you back, and there will be no profit for either of you on the deal. That must have been the start of Pacifism. Since then, however, much water has flowed under the bridges. The Roman Cæsar crosses the Rubicon and makes his bit of trouble (taking care to mention himself in despatches), while the Germanic Cæsar, who seems to have been more voluble than valiant, drives his cohorts to danger and then runs away and leaves them to it.

"WHAT NEWS OF THE BATTLE?" *Stage Photo Co.*

Jan (H. Brough-Robertson) brings back the horrors of war and the trenches vividly to the Arndt household. Pauli Arndt (Rosalinde Fuller) makes a dramatic supplication for peace, while Mizzi Winckleman (Margaret Delamere) and Dr. Arndt (Horace Hodges) sympathise. Meanwhile the profiteer, August Behrend (Sam Livesey), the man who likes war, menaces the rapidly starving family

THE chief exponent of Pacifism in this play is old Professor Arndt, a very charming performance by Mr. Horace Hodges, who repeats the stock arguments in favour of peace with a quiet humour that is a delight in itself. According to his meek and gentle ruling, the Enemies of mankind are greed and hatred, though, as to the last, we know that the Germans had to manufacture a synthetic hatred of their enemies by means of their playful Hymn, which helped to push the frightfulness along considerably. Izaak Walton could impale his angle-worm as if he loved him, but you cannot expect a fighter to bayonet his fellow-man in a spirit of brotherly affection. I think the trouble is that, while we on our side are quite ready to eliminate from ourselves all uncharitableness, we have always got to be ready in case the other fellow should lose his head. And as the poet, or someone else, has remarked, "Thrice is he armed who gets his fist in first."

than they were with us. The first visitors of importance are Herr August Behrend and his son Carl. Herr Behrend regrets with crocodile tears that he is too old to join up, but he knows that his son Carl will represent the family at the War with distinction. Meanwhile Herr Behrend, as a pushful man of business, wants the Professor to give him some statistics on the nation's food supply in order that he may promptly set about making a corner in wheat. He will then be able to raise the price of bread to suit himself.

PAULI, the Professor's daughter, marries Carl Behrend just before the general calling-up. Carl is overcome by fear at the prospect of fighting, and protests to his young wife that he is in mortal dread of being under fire. And then, like most men who are ready to admit their cowardice, he acquits himself so well that he is decorated for valour on the field—though they do say that the Iron Crosses were chucked about regardless in those early days. Meanwhile, the Professor loses his job at his University

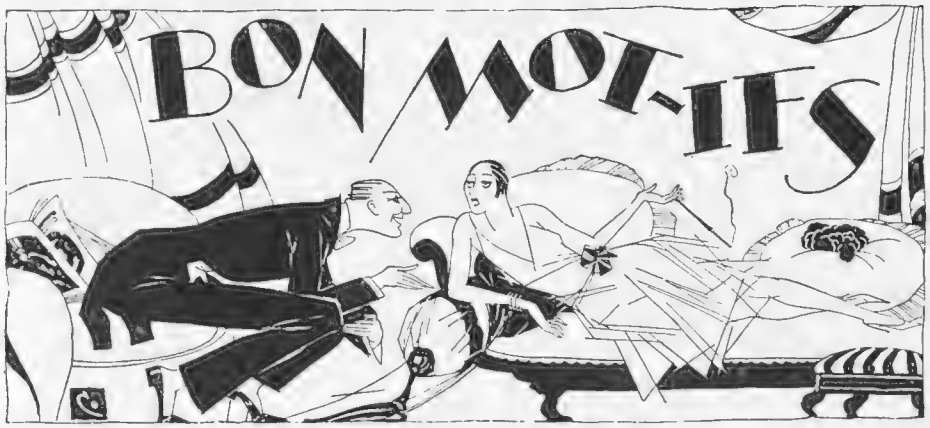
because of his pronounced pacifism. There is no argument in logic that can refute his position, and, as we all know, that sort of thing makes the opposition very angry and spiteful.

THE price of foodstuffs in Vienna goes up, and in the third year of the War the Professor is obliged to sell his pictures and other effects in order to provide food for himself and Pauli, thanks mostly to the profiteering enterprise of the young wife's father-in-law, Herr Behrend. Milk is practically unobtainable, although Pauli sadly needs it now for the baby boy who has just arrived. The price of eggs is so fantastically high that one of the characters is able with about half a dozen of them to pay off the mortgage on the old farm. At such a time it is clear that the goose that lays the golden eggs is a mere runner-up to any old barndoor hen. Then we see Pauli trying to carve a slice from one of the war loaves, known to the Germans as "K-K" (*Kriegs-Kartoffel* bread, which the French humorists of the period translated rather cruelly as *le pain Caca*.)

THE War goes on, taking its inevitable toll from the Viennese as it did so terribly from our own people. News comes that Pauli's husband, Carl Behrend, has been killed, and she is left with her baby boy, who is sadly in need of the nourishing food that is being blithely cornered by Carl's father, who has by this time developed into what the Germans used to call a *Schieber* (Shover) of the worst kind. To make the dramatic situation complete, the baby boy dies of malnutrition. This gives Pauli (Miss Rosalinde Fuller) the cue for a tremendous outburst, in which she hysterically thanks heaven that her boy has at least been spared the horrors of the next war, if any. He will not be destined to become "cannon-fodder," a term attributed to the great German Chancellor whom "Mrs. Brown," with her misguided orthography, used to write of as "Prince Beastmark."

THE horror of the trenches of mud and blood is briefly but powerfully emphasised by Mr. Brough-Robertson as a Field-grey Fritz. General Sherman's historical definition of war as "Hell" would seem in our day to be erring on the side of moderation. It needs to be considerably amplified by an outspoken serjeant-major who knows his job. But Herr Behrend, the Profiteer, walks unmoved through the tragedy. Not content with having raised food to famine prices for his own profit, he enriches himself still further by juggling with the falling currency in the familiar way of the period by selling heavily for a fall. His grief at the loss of his son is greatly alleviated by the fact that in front of all his workmen he has been officially decorated for his great services to his country in the War. This is a powerful stroke of sarcasm, and Mr. Sam Livesey, who plays the part magnificently, exploits it to the full. Indeed, the excellence of the acting of Mr. Hodges and Mr. Livesey may well compensate for the many little shortcomings of the production.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

A LARGE catch of prawns is reported from Frinton. Juvenile paddlers regard the capture as a most shrimportant affair.

. . . . .

THERE is now a Ladies' Aeroplane Club. Are not our modern damsels flighty enough?

. . . . .

The Merchant of Venice is to be turned into a musical comedy. We trust that Shylock will maintain his interest up to the end.

. . . . .

FOR making eyes at a girl at a seaside resort a youth has been fined two pounds. It was no excuse for him to assert that he was merely having forty winks.

. . . . .

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.

With something of a sweet surprise,
Rose my divinity,
And with her big, brown, boudoir eyes,
Sought a request from me;
But captive to a rare delight,
The half-formed word I stayed,
And gazed, enraptured, at the bright
Serenity displayed.

An aureole of golden curls
Their sunny charms revealed;
I marvelled at the milk-white pearls
Her red lips strove to shield;
The marble, where her arm reclined,
Showed up her purer grace;
The polished glass but served to find
Fresh glories in her face.

And so I stayed, nor ever stirred,
Till pleasure turned to pain,
And from the skies my thoughts recurred
To paving-stones again;
For, softly as the twilight dew
Falls on the thirsty grass,
I heard the damsel softly coo,
"A Guinness, sir, or Bass?"

AT a fire on a Norwich farm the labourers emptied the contents of milk churns on the flames. It is understood that the water was sufficient to extinguish the blaze.

. . . . .

"YOU ought to hear my youngest imitate Harry Lauder."

"I *have* heard your youngest, and consider the imitation a perfect 'scream.'"

. . . . .

ONCE again all over London the roads are up. Is it not time that the authorities should start to mend their ways?

. . . . .

A GORILLA has been captured whose arms stretch seven feet across. What a fishing yarn he could tell!

A CHICAGO gunman has written the music of a revue. We should like to hear this bandit's band-ditties.

. . . . .

AN Isle of Man cricket team is at present unbeaten. The best of these Manx sides is that they have no tail.

. . . . .

THE prodigal returned very late.

"Where have you been?" asked his indignant wife.

After a moment's reflection, he ventured, "The cemetery."

"Good gracious," remarked his spouse, "who's dead?"

"The whole bally lot of 'em," replied her husband cheerfully.

. . . . .

"That is a wonderful spaniel of yours."

"Yes, he has only got two faults; he refuses to wait at table, and won't say his prayers."

. . . . .

"WHAT were you doing?"

"Thirty work at the cross-roads."

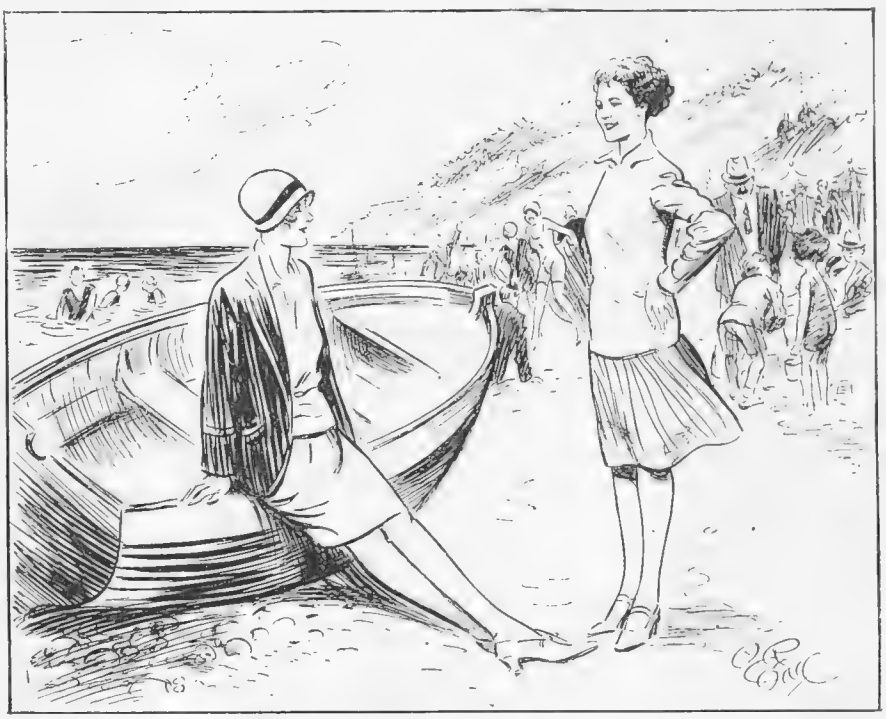
. . . . .

"Do you do any gardening?"

"No; I get all my pleasure *out* of my garden."

. . . . .

WHO wrote, *à propos* a certain theatre: "Come where the boos are cheaper"?



By A. R. CANE

"THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS"

PHYLLIS: "Do you know, your fiancé is a riddle to me?"

RHODA: "I know—I'm giving him up myself!"

How Council-ly!

BY CROMBIE

"'Ullo, Bill, workin' overtime—Saturday and all!"

"Yus, mate. Yer see, this 'ole's got ter be filled in so as the Council can start diggin' it up fust thing on Monday"

In Dancing Circles

Ernst Schneider

GERTRUD HESTERBERG

Wearing a dress which proves that the straight line of modern fashion is disregarded in certain quarters. She enjoys great popularity as a dancer and singer in Revue in Berlin and scored a big success in the Haller Revue, "When and Where"

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

ONE begins to think they are lacking in ingenuity at Deauville in regard to "boosting." They never seem to present us with any real novelties, nothing of the *inédit*, but only a development of something we have heard before. Which is rather a pity. For if there is one place with possibilities of entertaining "stunts," it is surely the *plage fleurie*, with its princes and pashas. At present it is they who do most of the advertising, by their pictures or their adventures. Yet just think what could be made of the possibilities of Deauville by one of those really bright puff-merchants who spend their time in "boosting" films and film-actresses.

SAID critical reflections being provoked by the affair of the gentleman who was ordered to appear in the local court because he was wearing the upper half of his bathing-costume semi-detached in order to acquire the ochre tint for backs and chests which is *de rigueur*.

"Advising mothers to pull their frocks over their knees"

They are going to make a big fuss about this in the court, where those authorities on art—Van Dongen, Foujita, and the Dolly Sisters—are to be cited as witnesses on how much a bathing-costume is intended to reveal at Deauville. This is to be the *clou* of the season.

BUT Juan-les-Pins introduced this last year when Gabriel Jean Domergue, the fashionable portrait painter, was hauled up over his manner of taking a sun-bath, and though Juan had a good winter season subsequently, it seems scarcely likely that a second bite at the cherry will be very effective. There is far better material in Deauville than that. They ought to give us a real "thriller," for the public is becoming rather *blasé* over bathing-costumes.

"You look simply awful"

REALLY there is more interest in short skirts, for, of the two, the bathing-costumes give the impression of being more *habillés* in the circumstances, as witness the case of the middle-aged "young thing" who went to one of the Paris baths in a frock so short that the lady distributing the tickets was quite *offensée*, and said, "It is to be understood, madame, that your attire will be more decent in the water." And the *quinquagénaire* meekly gave her promise.

THERE is another good story of the short frock going the rounds which may be new to you. The incident is said to have happened at the "Tube" station of Barbes, though it would have been more fitting at the Madeleine. A little boy of five was observed to be crying, and when he was asked the reason by a number of sympathisers, he said, "I've lost *maman*." "Where did you lose her?" somebody enquired. "Just here," answered the boy. "There were lots of people pushing, and I got torn away from her." "But couldn't you have clung to her skirt?" remarked one of the helpful ones. "Oh, no," replied the laddie, "I am not tall enough."

"Not tall enough"

ACCORDING to the humorous artists of Paris there have been many instances of daughters advising their mothers to pull their frocks a little farther over their knees, but Mme.

Blanche Vogt, who is a moralist, is now affirming that the sons have assumed the *rôle* of critic, and she is wagging a warning finger at the mothers involved. The sons, she says, may appreciate shingled hair and red on the lips, but not in the *personne maternelle*. She suggests that the disappearance of filial affection may be largely due to the "implacable youthfulness" of the mothers. One of these "adolescent" mothers admitted that her son's chum had addressed her as "Mademoiselle," having mistaken her for an "amie."

ALTOGETHER, frocks are causing a lot of bother these days. One of these strange quarrels has just had a sequel in the courts. This frock had prevented a marriage—just about the worst thing that could ever be said against any frock. A dressmaker was suing a client for the price of a *robe de soirée* which had been purchased for his daughter, and the client refused to pay for it, declaring that it was so lacking in elegance that when his daughter's *fiancé* saw her wearing it, he said, "You look simply awful," and broke off the engagement.

"A case of a middle-aged 'young thing'"

YOU would have thought the father would have won his case after a calamity of that sort. But for some reason he did not win the sympathy of the judges at all. They were very precise and matter-of-fact over the ill-fated garment. They had it brought before them, and were as cold in their examination as if they had been deciding a dispute over way-leaves or harbour dues, and, in giving a judgment against the poor father, they propounded this aphorism, "Even if the frock were inelegant, the father had no cause for regret, as a *jeune fille* had no right to count on the art of the *couturier* for the finding of a good husband." That's a hard blow for fathers—no help from the dressmakers.

A CERTAIN number of Parisians who are now on holiday are exceedingly cross. In view of the Arctic weather of last summer they thought they would be very *malin*, and at a very early date then engaged rooms on the Riviera. Now they are being scorched and blistered, and would give much to be in the cool retreats of Normandy and Brittany. The Riviera as a summer resort is quite satisfactory, and even charming, in a normal summer, but it is hardly so suitable when temperature records are being broken. Yet they were warned what to expect, had they only taken notice of that great seer, the Abbé Gabriel.

THE worthy Abbé, who is the supreme weather expert of Paris, announced long ago that this summer would be an unusually hot and thirsty one. But apparently even the people who live on the Riviera were very sceptical about the prediction. Otherwise they would not have exported all their lemons, which have gone up in price about five hundred per cent. We now have two or three dozen "lemon millionaires" added to the sugar and wheat millionaires, but none of them are from the Riviera. The dealers in Paris had pinned their faith to the Abbé Gabriel, and all the Riviera lemons had been bought up before the rise.

NO doubt we shall soon have some apricot and peach millionaires among the men at the Paris markets, and perhaps even some lettuce millionaires. When you have to pay seven and eight francs for a single peach in an unfashionable Paris restaurant you are inclined to feel that the juice has already been taken by some profiteer. There is no sweetness for the Paris consumer in this summer's fruit. He is being made to pay very stiffly for the extra sunshine.

RENÉ.

LA VIE SPORTIVE AT DEAUVILLE *Central Press*

A photograph taken during the polo match between Adsdean and the Canaries on the picturesque Deauville polo ground. Lord Louis Mountbatten and The Maharajah of Kashmir are seen in a struggle for possession

BY STAN TERRY

THE BATSMAN WHO PREFERRED "LEG" BEFORE WICKET!

BO-"PEEP"!—OR, WHY THE SH

BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

SHEPHERD LOOKED SHEEPISH

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

RASPBERRY JELLY DESSERT.

Required: 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly; 1 small tin apricots or other fruit; 1 tablespoon shredded pistachios and almonds. Dissolve jelly in ¾-pint hot water, allow to cool. Decorate wet border mould (pint size) with fruit and nuts; pour in a little jelly. When set, add another layer fruit and nuts, then another layer jelly. Repeat till full. When set, turn out and garnish top with fruit, whipped cream or any surplus jelly, whipped. Garnish with nuts.

RASPBERRY BLANC-MANGE.

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Take out a small cupful. Make a custard by boiling ½ pint milk and pouring it carefully upon 1 egg beaten up with 1 tablespoonful sugar. Return to saucepan and place over gentle heat, stirring all the time; do not boil. Allow to cool. Add larger portion of jelly. Mix thoroughly, pour into wet mould and leave to set. When turned out, garnish with the cupful of jelly chopped very small.

Rowntree's Table Jellies are "firm favourites" for every sweet course. Their clear glowing colours and their delicious fruit flavours are proof of their supreme quality.

The Rowntree Jelly Recipe book shows how you can combine Rowntree's Table Jellies with real fruit and other simple foods into delicious dishes—all tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. The book will be sent free for a postcard to Rowntree's B.7. Dept., York.

10 Varieties.

Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Orange, Pineapple, Greengage, Blackcurrant, Cherry, Lime Fruit and Vanilla.

Pint $4\frac{1}{2}^{D}$ *Packet.*

JELLIED APPLES.

Peel, core and quarter 3 apples. Cook gently in pan with 2 tablespoons sugar and ¾ pint water. Drain off syrup. Arrange a few quarters in wet mould; add a few raisins. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly in ¾ pint syrup-and-water; pour a little over apples. Add more raisins. When set, add remainder cool jelly, apples and raisins. Leave to set.

BLACKBERRY MOULD.

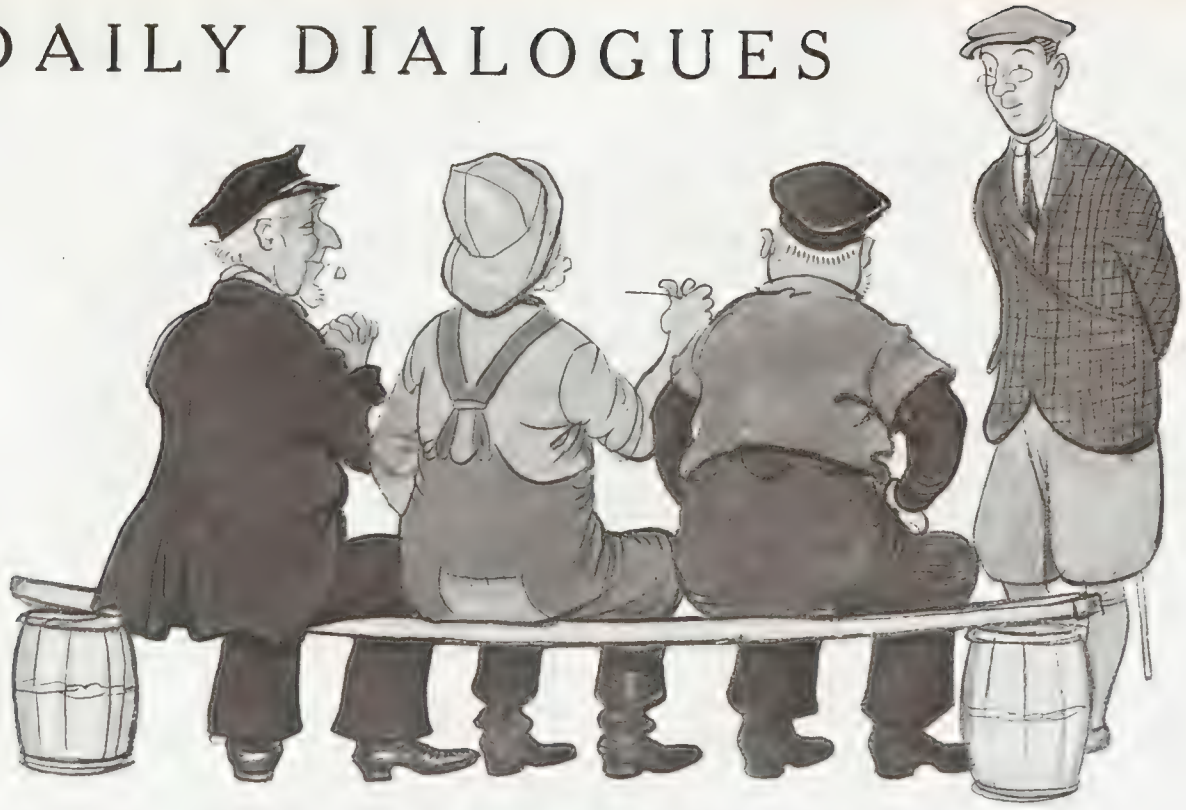
Place ½ lb. picked Blackberries with ½ lb. apples peeled and cored, and ¼ lb. sugar in a saucepan; add enough water to cover and cook slowly till soft. Strain through a fine sieve. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly in ¾ pint fruit juice. Stir thoroughly. Pour into wet mould and leave to set.

Red currants, black currants or loganberries may be used in place of blackberries.

Much reduced illustration.

By buying both Rowntree's Table Jellies and Rowntree's Cocoa you can get this handsome decorated gift casket of chocolates and confectionery "double quick." Start collecting coupons from both to-day.

DAILY DIALOGUES



By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by ARTHUR WATTS*

No. III—PHILOSOPHER AND GENTLEMAN

SCENE: *Two upturned fish barrels with a plank across. The mid-day sun throws a drowsy glare over everything. All the herring fleet at sea. Only the drones remain ashore.*

"I BIN born and bred in the town, I sez. What wi' property tax an' poor rate an' water rate an' this 'ere paroquical rate—is that wot they call 'm, Tom?—aye; why, you be taxed up to the bee'ilt, I sez. Not a bit o' good asummonsing o' me, I sez, an' that's a fac."

"Well, you shud stay in bed, Jim. Doan af to pay no gas rate then—that's where the blind man scores; he! he!"

"*Gas* rate; what next? Magistrate 'e was a nice-spoken feller like, but 'ard, as you might say."

"They're all 'ard, Jim; that's their bloomin' job. I 'member once, at the Assizes it were——"

"And I sez I'm a freeman o' this 'ere town, sir—allus call 'em sir, Tom, b'lieve me—an' it's not a bit o' good umbuggin' about wi' me; I ain't *got* the money, see? Why, pink me, I shall be at sea time this 'ere's doo. Pay *now*, I sez; why, Town Council'll be livin' on the interest; no bloomin' fear, sez I, firm like. . . . No good goin' 'ome, Tom, till them spuds an' beef be ready. . . .

"Aye, it's a funny fairway, is a fishin' man's life. 'Tis like an old ship; you put 'er out to sea, on the ebb, o' course, an' you don' know wot's goin' to 'appen to yer."

"Got a pinch o' bacca, Jim?"

"*Bacca!* Ain't seen any since lars Michaelmas. Arsk ol' Tom there—e's allus got some; 'is landlady keeps a bacca shop, he! he!"

"Oh, thank'e, sir, nice-lookin 'bacca this; wish I'd got a bigger pipe, like . . . yes, these young men goes an' gits married afore they knows wot they're up against. Fred Arkwright there, 'e only got married month or two ago an' 'e's cadgin' bacca already. I dunno wot things is comin' to. Seems as 'ow they'm goin' to put the gas rate up now, too. Well, if they do it when I'm at sea, then I'm to windard of 'em, aren't I? Aye. . . ."

'It's not a bit of good 'umbuggin' about wi' me"

An' I paid three-an'-six for a bag o' coal s'morning in the town. An' there's a colliery district over yonder, too. Seems funny, don' it?"

"Oh, they're gettin' it from America, are they? Then America's getting *all* our money, not a part of it. That seems funny, too, don' it?"

"Yes, I got a seaman's pension, o' course. Nice bacca, this 'ere, sir. Two pound a month for a thirteen month year. Aye, they reckon it like that; don' know why, some reason o' their own likely. . . ."

"I'm sixty-seven, y'see, come next Janiary. Nobody seems to want you when you get old. I suppose you show the white feather too much when at sea—though I feel orlright in *m'self*, mind you. I've 'ad fifty-three year at sea—aye, an' they wouldn't give me a job durin' the War at the Admiralty office 'ere. Fair fed up I was, I don' mind tellin' you. Said I was too old. *Me too old*—pah! Said I was doin' more good fishin'. I didn' want to catch fish. I wanted to catch 'Uns, like everyone else in these parts was."

". . . Everythin' now is coal an' oil. No sailin' done now. That's why I'm sittin' 'ere, idle-like, payin' the gas rate. That's Sam Livesay, 'im in the sea-boots over there; 'ere, Sam, 'ave you paid yer rates? Oh, you're lucky, then, but if you ain't got the money they ain't got their bloomin' rates. That's logic, sir, isn't it? As I sez to 'im, I've never bin summoned afore, I'm quite sure o' that. An' 'e b'lieved me. Fair-spoken bloke, 'e was. But 'ard—very 'ard. Doin' 'is dooty, I suppose, same 's the rest of us. . . .

"I think we may get a cupful o' wind s'arternoon, sir. . . . Well (rises slowly), but the wind don't seem to make no difference to these 'ere trawlers (jerking his pipe in the direction of some moored craft). 'T'were different in my day: nasty 'arbour mouth, this'n—with the bar outside 'n all—on a strong flood. Took a bit o' doin' that did—same as wot these rates does; aye. We was glad to get 'ome in them days. Weren't bothered wi' no gas rate then—not likely. Never 'eard of it. Well, I must be gettin' 'ome, I s'pose—my ol' woman. . . . Well, good-day to 'e, sir, and thank'e." (Wanders along the quayside, head bent thoughtfully.) D. L.

Priscilla's Début

By LESLIE M. OYLER

A FULL-LENGTH photograph of Priscilla stood on the mantelpiece; Roger took it down and scrutinised it.

Yes; she was undoubtedly lovely, with her sensitive, clear-cut features and large appealing eyes. She was so graceful, too, so young—and Roger was forty-five.

He replaced the photo abruptly and walked up and down the room. He had loved her ever since she was a little thing, and now that she had grown older she was even more dear to him.

Her feelings for him he had never discovered. That she regarded him as a good pal he knew. Often on their long tramps together she had shown her enjoyment of his company, but only in a friendly way. Roger felt sure that he must seem very old to her.

This evening she was to make her *début*, to appear in public for the first time. He was far more nervous than she was. In a measure he felt responsible, for it was he who, having realised her talent, had suggested her being trained; and now that the time had actually come he had misgivings. Supposing she should fail? Of her ability he had no doubt; but her nerve might give way at the last moment, and a critical audience is merciless.

And if she succeeded? In his wrought-up state he wondered if success would be good for her. She would have to face the full glare of publicity, so different from the sheltered life that she had always led. She would have to compete with others, all striving for a place in public favour. Her grace and charm would excite jealousy; she would make enemies, encounter dangers——

He pulled himself up impatiently. Of course she would enjoy her new life, the thrill and movement of it with other young things; but in the hour of her triumph would she remember him? Their quiet, happy times were over, nothing would ever be quite the same again.

Then Priscilla ran eagerly into the room, and at the sight of her charming face he forgot all his forebodings.

. . . . .

The great night arrived, and Priscilla did not fail. She won the race easily, leaving all the other greyhounds far behind.

By Thorpe

MONEY TALKS

"I see in the paper you can telephone to America for £15"
"And I bet a bob you wouldn't get it!"

"In Feathers and Furbelows"

BY JANET JEVONS

MISS LUCYENNE HERVAL

The charming actress, who is one of the principals in the "Charlot 1928" Revue at the Vaudeville. This new revue will be produced in the last week of this month

US *v.* U.S.: Competitors in the

I.B.

E. B. HAM (U.S.A.) winning the Long Jump with 25ft. 1in.

I.B.

A close finish by H. RUSSELL (U.S.A.) and J. E. LONDON (Great Britain) in the 400 Yards

Central News

J. RAY (U.S.A.) and F. LIGHT at the tape in the Three Miles

Sport and General

E. SPENCER (U.S.A.) finishing in the One Mile

Planet

C. ELLIS (Great Britain) winning the last lap of the Four Miles from L. HAHN (U.S.A.)

The Americans went to the Athletic Meeting with the British Empire, at Stamford Bridge, with the avowed intention of redressing the the onlookers, they finished up victors by 8 points to 6. From every point of view the meeting was a record one, in times and Pole Jump, Putting the Weight, 480 Yards Hurdles, Throwing the Hammer, High Jump, and Long Jump, and for the British Empire

International Athletics at Stamford Bridge

I.B.

S. ANDERSON
(U.S.A.) in the 480 Yds. Hurdles

Planet

D. G. A. LOWE
(Great Britain) wins the Two Miles by a large margin

H. BRIX (U.S.A.) *Keystone*
Putting the weight 49 ft. 6 in.

L. BARNES (U.S.A.) *Central Press*
Who set up a new British record in the Pole Jump

balance of the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, and in the course of an afternoon, which at times was almost unbearably exciting for distances, as well as in the size of the crowd of onlookers. The final result was victory for the U.S.A. in the 400 Yards, One Mile, in the Four Miles, Two Miles, Eight Laps Steeplechase, Throwing the Javelin, Three Miles Team Race, and One Mile Medley Relay

"Stephens stood in the doorway and watched Townsend in silence, till the boy whipped round with accusing eyes"

"IT'S HARD ON A BOY!"

By WILFRED GAVIN

Illustration by A. W. SINDALL

On the verandah the white-clad figures of two men could be faintly seen through the swiftly falling Malayan dusk that had already transformed the forest into an impenetrable mass, from which the sudden scream of a night bird, or the strange, unearthly cry of some wandering beast echoed eerily.

The elder of the two men sucked quietly at his pipe, while his grave, almost sombre eyes repeatedly glanced through the darkness towards his companion. The younger man was sitting forward in his wicker chair, his long, sensitive fingers interlocked, but continually twitching with some nervousness he was striving to control. Occasionally he would in turn glance at the older man, who correspondingly turned his eyes away.

"Why don't you speak, George, damn you!" demanded the younger man suddenly, the colour flooding the fairness of his boyish face in a manner that made the years slip away even more. "I know what you are thinking. The same thing as the whole cursed crowd, I suppose. Every time I walk into the club nowadays I feel their unspoken remarks 'There's that young fool Townsend—still hanging round Rosa Davelyn.' And then they nod their heads and reflect upon the number of other men that Rosa is supposed to have 'ruined.'"

"You do make things rather obvious," replied George Stephens quietly, "I also am one of those who reflect upon the others that Rosa, or to give her her local name, 'Circe of the Settlement,' has ruined."

"Just because you have the good fortune of Rosa finding no attraction in you, you are able to talk in that way," continued Ronald Townsend bitterly. "You can't have any idea of Rosa's magnetism, her power, her——." He buried his face in his hands. "Besides, I am so sorry for her—she's had such a rotten life. She had a swine of a husband who ill-treated her and left her."

"'Circes' frequently have," remarked Stephens dryly.

"Don't taunt me, damn you!" cried Townsend, rising from his chair. "In spite of the general idea to the contrary I am quite aware that I am heading for disaster, that I am weak-minded, and that I shall mess my life up as well as another's."

"You refer, I suppose, to Molly?" Stephens's teeth tightened on the pipe stem.

"Yes, of course I do. As I told you this morning, Molly is on her way here. Her father is taking a trip round the world and they are calling in here on their way. Good God! What can I say to her? What can I?" He gripped the verandah rails with an almost hysterical power, and stared out into the night as if asking the question of the menacing forest.

"The best thing you can do is to tell her everything, ask her forgiveness, and then marry her straight away, which I expect she is coming out here in the hope you will do. She gave you her promise a long time ago, Ronald, and Molly's not the sort to treat a promise lightly. D'you still love her?"

"Hell! Of course I do, but how can I marry her with Rosa only half a mile away. I tell you Rosa hypnotises me, I can't do without her——"

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 402)

Leading Lido Lights

PRINCESS DE SAN FAUSTINO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

LADY ABDY

AN XVIIIth CENTURY COSTUME

(Seen at a Fancy Dress Ball)

Our artist's impressions of some of the distinguished people who are enjoying the sun, sea and air on the Lido this summer. The carnival spirit is as much to the fore as ever this year

SKETCHES BY JEAN GAST

(Continued from page 400)

"Rosa will be considerably more than half a mile away," said Stephens quietly.

"What do you mean?" gasped Townsend, seizing his friend's shoulder, and trying to read his face through the dusk.

"D'you mean to tell me that you, 'Circe's' latest pet, are unaware that she is moving on to Ceylon by the same boat on which Molly arrives?" Stephens found it hard to keep an ironic note out of his voice, and for a moment it appeared as if Townsend would strike him. Then, with an effort, Townsend pulled himself together, and walked out into the night in the direction of Rosa Davelyn's home.

When he had gone Stephens sighed, and rising slowly to his feet savagely knocked the ashes from his pipe against a post. He loved Ronald Townsend, and knew that apart from this present infatuation he was a good fellow, but Stephens loved Molly Burton, Townsend's *fiancée*, still more. He had met her once on leave, and had realised what he had missed in life, and that was the reason he determined she should not be hurt if he could avoid it.

Townsend walked, or rather half-ran, blindly through the night along the Settlement road leading to Rosa's home. The night was hot and clammy, and the brown dust of the road rose into his throat, making him cough and spit. There was a sensation of brooding in the atmosphere, as if some giant, evil spirit was caged within the closely intersected trees, where the tropical verdure and undergrowth perspired in the miasmic air.

But Townsend was oblivious to the heat, to the distant cries from the forest's depths, or to the shadowy forms that sometimes slithered across his path into the fastness of long grass flanking the road. All he could think of was that Rosa might be going away. How could he live in this hell spot without Rosa? She was the only person who made life bearable for him. His visits to her were the only things that kept his mind off the heat and the continual strain and tension of people living close together and receiving no change, year in or year out. You never tired of Rosa, she tired of you instead, and Townsend in his heart knew this, and it made the sweat break out on his forehead afresh to think that Rosa had tired of him and was going to leave him. As for Molly, even her image seemed to be momentarily distorted by his passion for Rosa.

He found Rosa stretched out on a couch. A lamp was alight, and its soft rays lit up the beautiful curves of her body, half in shadow. When she saw who it was she smiled, disclosing perfect teeth.

"Good evening, Ronald dear. I am glad you have come, I was just beginning to get bored with the night." She flung a shapely bare arm above her head, and pointed to the pale sapphire sky in which the stars glowed faintly.

For a moment Townsend was silent, and then he was kneeling down beside her where she lay on the couch, imprisoning her hands in his own.

"Rosa darling, darling! Someone told me you were going away on the next boat. Say it's a lie, my dear, do! I can't bear it."

"And if it is not a lie?" she inquired softly, half smiling, her eyes narrowing in a way that betrayed Chinese or Mongolian blood.

Townsend stared wildly at her.

"It's true, then?" he said, almost in a whisper.

The woman nodded her head, and watched him, inscrutably, enjoying the torture he was undergoing.

"Rosa, you must not, you cannot leave me like this——." He seized her in his arms and before she could prevent him, his mouth was on her lips, her arms, and bare shoulders. At first she struggled, and then slowly, and with languid grace of movement, surrendered to his caresses, stroking the back of his head with her slim, jewel-starred hand.

Presently she spoke.

"There is no reason why you shouldn't come with me, Ronald."

Townsend started back from the couch.

"Come with you?" he demanded. "Why, how can I? There's no possible chance of my getting a transfer to the Ceylon station."

"Why worry about a transfer," continued the woman, keeping her face in the shadows so that he could not see the light in her eyes. "Leave your work—you've got a small private income. Come with me and—make love!"

For a moment an expression of horror crept into Townsend's blue eyes.

"What! Leave my work—run away?" He shook his head slowly, while the woman lay back on the couch in silence, waiting for the inevitable "yes" that she knew would eventually fall from his lips.

"Don't tempt me, Rosa. You know that I am unable to refuse you anything."

"The days will be long and the nights longer still when I am gone," she continued calmly. "You'll be able to spend your evenings at the club then." She laughed mirthlessly at Townsend's white face as it strained through the dusk towards the softness of her body, merged in the shadows of the couch as the lamp burned low. "The dawn is near," she said suddenly, rising to a sitting posture and holding her arms out to him, "let us watch it together—it may be for the last time!"

The dawn had broken by the time Townsend returned to his home. It was the one moment when the air became fresh and almost invigorating, before the heat of the day once more melted the forest swamps into clouds of stagnant vapour. For the time his passion for Rosa was sufficed, and his nearness to disaster seemed very plain. Also, the thought of Molly stabbed him continually. His love for her seemed like some half-forgotten dream that the waker frantically endeavours to recall to memory.

The days that followed were fantastic to Townsend as he battled with his better nature. Rosa had left her invitation for him to go away with her open; and, though he had not yet promised he would go, he was afraid of himself, afraid of his weakness of character as far as she was concerned, while, at the same time, he could stare at himself in introspection and be amazed that he should even think of giving up his career and wrecking his own and another's life for the sake of a woman of the type of Rosa Davelyn.

Stephens watched him anxiously through the turmoil of these days. Nothing had been said about their *fracas*, but there was a feeling of restraint between the two men. Townsend knew that Stephens was watching him, and the knowledge preyed upon his distraught nerves until it almost brought him to breaking point.

(Continued on page 404)

A CATASTROPHE ON THE CAMPUS

Evelyn Hoey faints into the arms of Neil Collins, to the consternation of Bobby Jarvis, Goodee Montgomery and other members of the "Old Coll."

Items of "Good News"

The new musical comedy at the Carlton purports to give English audiences a glimpse of life as lived in the American Universities, whose name is Legion. It will be interesting to see whether Oxford and Cambridge "come over all American" as a result!

Photographs

"HULLO, FOLKS!"

A group of principals composed of Michael Tripp, Amy Revere, Juliette Johnston, Bobby Jarvis, Evelyn Hoey, with George Murphy and a smaller member of the caste whose name slips our memory

Stage Photo Co.

A LITTLE CO-EDUCATION

Bobby Jarvis and a charming "co-ed," Amy Revere, embark on a course of study not included in the curriculum

(Continued from page 402)

At last it came to the evening before the day on which Molly was due to arrive, and Rosa to depart.

Townsend had kept away from Rosa for two days, which, as it happened, amounted to an acceptance of her proposal, and Stephens, who had been puzzled by his apparent negligence, saw light when he returned home unexpectedly early and caught Townsend packing.

Stephens stood in the doorway and watched Townsend in silence, till the boy whipped round with accusing eyes.

"So you've taken to spying, have you?" he asked with a sneer, his mouth and face distorted with nerves and hatred, chiefly of himself.

"It is the duty of every sane man to prevent an insane person from doing himself harm," said Stephens quietly. "I see that you are taking the coward's way out. Avoiding the meeting with Molly, deserting your job, and destroying your remains of moral character. It would be far better if you shot yourself."

Townsend turned scarlet under the older man's sarcasm, and then he sprang. But Stephens had been prepared for this, and, dodging to one side, caught Townsend as he staggered past, fixing him with a jujitsu grip which he had once learnt from a Japanese pearl diver, and then firmly binding the boy on to his own bed.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" demanded Townsend explosively.

"Just bringing you to your senses and preparing you for the arrival of your *fiancée* on to-morrow's boat," was the answer. "But for fear you will disturb my night's rest with your disgusting language I shall gag you as well ——."

. . . . . .

Rosa Davelyn sailed alone on the following morning, and Stephens met Molly Burton and her father at the harbour, telling her that Ronald had a touch of the sun and had to remain at home. Stephens then made an excuse to go on ahead, and had released his captive and tidied him up by the time Molly arrived. The torture of the cramped hours had quite broken Townsend, and on his release he had no fight left in him. Molly was quick to divine that something was wrong, but also wise enough to wait for him to tell her.

The night before his marriage to Molly Townsend once again sat alone with Stephens.

"I often wonder why Rosa suddenly shot off like that," he remarked.

"As a matter of fact, I forced her to," replied Stephens.

"You? Why, George, I thought you hardly knew her."

"I knew her so well that I could make things very awkward for her with a little unpleasantness to myself. For one thing, I happen to be her husband. But it's about time you went off to bed, you've got a thick day to-morrow. So long!" W. G.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

SUPER CONTRACT BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

AMERICAN Contract Bridge is undoubtedly catching on in this country. Although to the best of my knowledge it is only being played regularly at one London Club (Crockford's, in Hertford Street), it is being increasingly adopted in private circles. I recently received an invitation to come and play "Super" Contract Bridge and was not, at first, quite sure what was meant, but discovered in time that it was the new name for the American variation of Contract.

It is a distinctly fascinating and thrilling game and I recommend everybody to learn it and to play it occasionally as a change from Auction. I have no fear of it superseding Auction as a regular Club game on account of its difficulty and the inordinate length of the rubbers.

But played amongst friends at an evening party it is great fun. It has many elements of novelty and surprise and it is highly exhilarating. Further, it improves one's bidding. The official laws of the game are given in *Lenz on Contract*, published by Allen and Unwin. The game has also been fully explained and described in the *Auction Bridge Magazine*.

. . . . . .

At Contract it is necessary not only to bid well but to play well. The dropping of a single trick is much more serious than at Auction.

Here is a hand given by Mr. Lenz which is interesting both from the point of view of bidding and play.

	S.—J, 2. D.—J, 7, 5, 2.	H.—K, 8, 6, 4, 3. C.—K, 9.
S.—9. H.—J, 5, 2. D.—8, 3. C.—Q, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—Q, 10, 7, 6, 5, 3. H.—A, Q, 9. D.—9. C.—A, J, 3.
	S.—A, K, 8, 4. D.—A, K, Q, 10, 6, 4.	H.—10, 7. C.—10.

Score: Love all. Z dealt and bid "Two Diamonds" (correct at Contract but not correct at Auction); A said "No bid"; Y, "Three Diamonds"; B, "Three Spades"; Z, "Five Diamonds"; A and Y, "No Bid"; B, "Double"; Z, "Redouble." All pass.

Y's assist of his partner's first bid of "Two Diamonds" was sound. B's overcall of "Three Spades" was hardly open to criticism. His hand held ample compensation for the meagreness of the Spade suit.

Z's "Five Diamonds" was also sound, because his hand was too strong to expect further support from his partner.

The double by B appeared quite good. While B could not rely upon A for a certain quick trick it seemed likely that B could take two tricks in one of his side suits and defeat the contract.

The Re-double by Z was a fair risk. With the support shown by his partner he expected to make his contract. Furthermore, if the re-double drives the enemy back to "Five Spades" Z will cheerfully double the Spades, so that the adversaries will have a plentiful supply in digging themselves in.

A opened the 9 of Spades.

Can Z make his contract?

At first sight it might appear that he must lose two tricks in Hearts and one in Clubs.

Is there any way of wangling it so that he needn't?

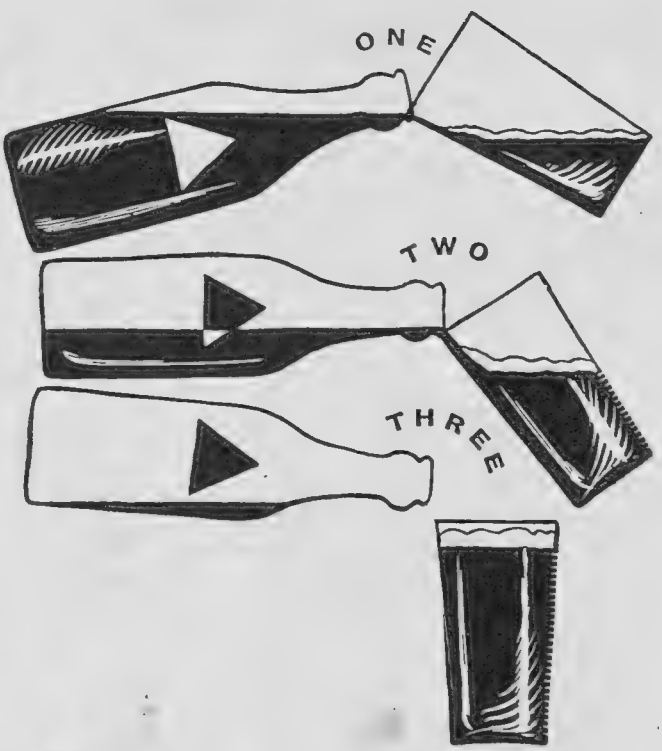
Next week I will tell you how Z played the hand.

IMPORTANT

TO ALL MEN OLDER THAN EIGHTEEN!

August, 1928

ALWAYS POUR BASS—LIKE THIS!



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

The Call of the Moors in the North

SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD AT HIS SHOOT NEAR HATHERSAGE, DERBYSHIRE

MR. F. S. NEWBOLD AND MR. H. T. BRADBURY AT SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD'S SHOOT

SIR CHARLTON BRISCOE AT SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD'S SHOOT

The opening of the grouse shooting this season was signalled by some very pleasant house parties in the North of England and in Scotland, and all Society seems to have flocked to the moors, the number of visitors to Scotland being almost unprecedented. The shooting itself, though expected to be bad, turned out to be very fair, and there have been some good bags

Photographs

MR. A. K. CHARLESWORTH, VISCOUNT CRANBORNE AND THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD ON THE GRINTON MOORS, YORKSHIRE

Topical and Sport and General

MR. FOX STRANGWAYS, LORD ANCASTER AND BRIG.-GEN. THE HON. CHARLES WILLOUGHBY AT LORD ANCASTER'S SHOOT AT MUIRHEAD, NEAR MUTHILL

# of England and Across the Tweed

Sport and General

MR. E. ROY BIRD, SIR DONALD HORSFALL, THE RT. HON. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, MR. W. NICHOLSON, MR. GEOFFREY DAWSON, MR. G. G. GRUNDY, COL. ALASTAIR MALCOLM AND MR. BRIAN WALKER AT MR. NICHOLSON'S SHOOT IN YORKSHIRE

Sport and General

LORD DUNGLASS, THE HON. WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME, MR. J. C. NEWMAN, LORD HOME, MR. C. S. CRAWLEY AND (in front) THE HON. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME AT LORD HOME'S SHOOT AT DOUGLAS, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND

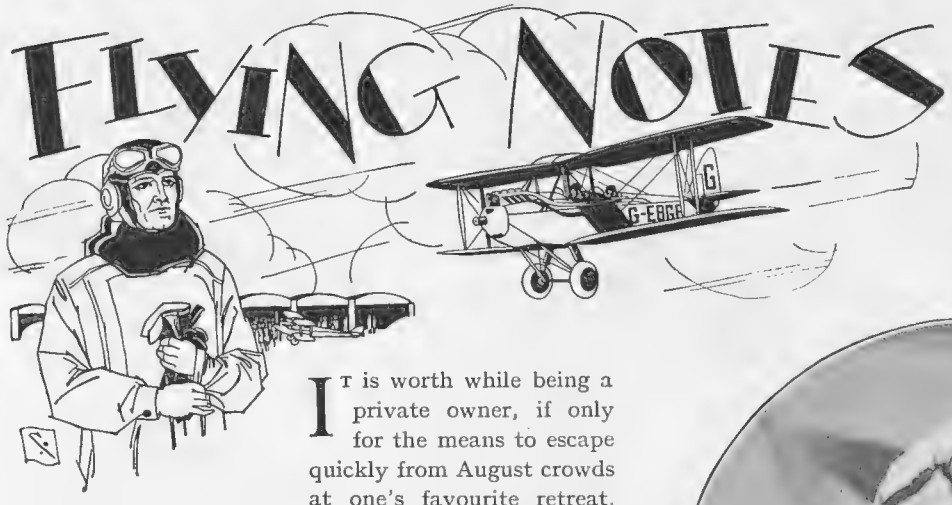
Topical

LORD DEVONPORT WHO HAD A HOUSE PARTY AT KINLOCH, PERTHSHIRE

Sport and General

SIR RICHARD CRUISE IN THE BUTTS AT LORD DEVONPORT'S SHOOT

FLYING NOTES



It is worth while being a private owner, if only for the means to escape quickly from August crowds at one's favourite retreat. Those who are still learning to fly have the greatest inducement to put in as much time as possible at the clubs, at the schools, and the Territorial air-training camps, in order to do likewise next year if they are able to afford a machine. Manufacturers might well advertise hire-purchase facilities with special garaging and " service " terms to groups of three or four pilots who buy a machine, as this would widen the potential market considerably, and would be a boon to a large number of excellent pilots who cannot get enough flying under present conditions. It would be quite easy for three or four people to arrange their week-ends and holidays by air for a year ahead, running costs and insurance being borne separately by each one. Lt. Murdoch's flight to Central Africa on an " Avian " in seven days, passing through the Sudan during the rainy season, indicates that any good pilot could put in a week's visit to Kenya during three weeks' holiday. The mere effort of flying 10,000 odd miles is a tonic for anyone who is reasonably fit, the only drawback at present being that light 'planes can carry only one person for long flights in a limited period. The optional two- or three-seater with either 800 miles range and an extra tank or 400 miles and an extra passenger has already been designed.

Air holiday travel continues to increase in popularity, thereby providing a most difficult problem for the regular air-line operator, who often cannot cope with the rush owing to shortage of machines. During winter, many machines must be idle as air travel is seasonal, many people being unwilling to fly when they think that services will be delayed by bad weather, or that conditions will be too uncomfortable. As a matter of fact, there is less delay on Imperial Airways Continental services during bad weather, except fog, than by boat and train, and, whereas air-sickness may account for a 20 per cent. casualty list on a rough day, sea-sickness must claim 75 per cent. of passengers as its victims. There is very little adverse criticism about the aeroplane as a public conveyance. Increasing attention is being paid by designers to comfortable seating and the elimination of noise, whilst Triplex glass windows are being fitted as standard on all modern machines.

The Atlantic season is in full swing again; Captain

A GLIDING TRIUMPH *Topica*

Herr Kronfeld, the Austrian flyer, in his motorless plane "Rhöngeist," in which he created a record for this type of machine in a recent competition in Upper Bavaria. In a flight lasting 3 hours he reached a height of 1,770 feet

LONDON'S DEFENDERS *Central Press*

A striking photograph taken at Kenley Aerodrome during the recent aerial manœuvres. It shows machines and men waiting for news of the approach of the Eastland "bombing" 'planes in their attempt to reach London

The important thing to keep in your mind is that no finer Whisky goes into any bottle. The management will see to this being maintained for all time.

Haig

WHISKY

Courtney and his companions are to be congratulated on their flight and their lucky rescue, in which wireless played as great a part as in that of General Nobile and his crew. Courtney's machine was a flying boat, the forerunner of a type which will be used someday for a trans-Atlantic service. It was, however, much too small to survive in anything like a running sea, and, even with two engines, it could not hope to carry on if one of them failed. The possibility of heavy salvage claims may cause further efforts to be deferred until a machine really suitable for serious work has been built and tried out under less arduous conditions.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer visited the "Calcutta" when it was moored at Westminster, and rumour says he was so impressed that the Road Fund is to be raided next year to provide money for aerodromes and air routes. Motorists should not view this with alarm, however, as so many of them are destined to desert the hooter and the queue for a joystick and the "wide open spaces" above. According to a recent prophecy, railways will gradually be superseded by roadways built in their tracks. To carry this a stage further, airways will be used for mails and all long-distance passenger traffic, leaving suburban traffic to "tubes," whilst motor cars will be sure to take people to aerodromes and be used as transport within the towns themselves.

Captain H. Balfour, the general manager of "Metal Propellers, Ltd.," who learnt to fly at the beginning of the War, is one of the latest Moth owners. He was an unsuccessful candidate at the last General Election, and should he contest a rural seat next year, intends to use his machine for canvassing.

One of the Scottish Flying Club's Moths recently carried one hundred and fifty-eight passengers for joy-rides in six hours. This is an excellent method of attracting attention and getting members; any clubs in need of subscriptions should give it a trial.

Almost every day there is an announcement by the Postmaster-General about new air mails. Couldn't we have air mail stamps instead of that uninspiring blue label? The Post Office would make a profit, and air services (mostly foreign at the moment) would benefit by the advertisement, but it would act as a reminder in this country that aircraft will soon be carrying all first-class mail matter, and commercial firms who utilise the facilities available will have a distinct advantage over their competitors.

C. E. Ward.

A MAIDEN VOYAGE *L.N.A.*

Major Brackley, Air Superintendent of the Imperial Airways, photographed in the cockpit of the giant flying boat "Calcutta," which he piloted on its maiden trip on the Southampton to Guernsey service. A number of passengers was carried and refreshments were served on board during the flight

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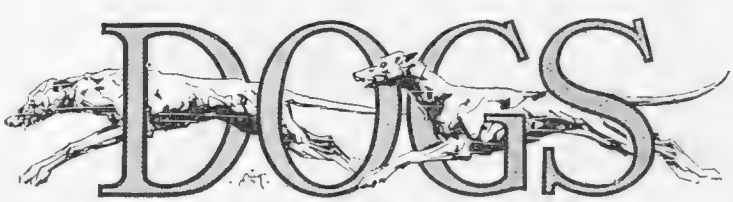

By "The Kennelman"

In different parts of the country half a dozen considerable Dog Shows will be staged to-day (Wednesday), including Ryde, Wallingford, Birmingham (Terriers), and Inverness, where lady judges, such as the Duchess of Newcastle, Countess Howe, Lady Kitty Ritson, Mrs. Quicke, and Mrs. Dixon will officiate. Other Shows before the month's end include Waterford, Worcester, Redcar, Brighouse, Whitehaven, and Dundee.

"An all-time lover and one-time breeder of Bulldogs" writes to suggest that a specimen of that delectable English breed—"specially correct in stern, please"—should be presented with the Fancy's compliments to the gifted author of "Letters from England," Mr. Karel Capek, whose latest book, "How a Play is Produced," is said to explain that dramatists' last acts are invariably their worst, and should be cut off on principle; "just as the tails of Bulldogs are cut off to preserve their beauty." In what barbarous lands is this shocking mutilation permissible? asks the anxious correspondent. "More sacred and beautiful than the Admiral's gallery of an old-time man-o'-war is the curled stern of the Bulldog. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as to cut it off?" Will Mr. Capek please add a (more or less caudal) appendix to subsequent editions elucidating this grave question?

"Another Doggy Lawyer" writes from Ilkley regarding recent comments upon the reprehensible practices of shady dealers and their Dog shops. "Would that every prospective buyer would follow your wise counsel and go to breeders, never to cross-counter chaffering in a shop, good or bad. As you say: a dog is a person. Why dream of acquiring him as you buy a pound of tea? In the matter of cruelty, our views are stereotyped by convention. Most decent humans recognise that it's cruel to keep a Dog chained up to a kennel. Why do we hear nothing from the canine leagues and societies about the greater cruelty of caging Dogs behind plate glass, with no protection from the glare of direct sun rays? The cage is often little bigger than the Dog, and always an abomination, anyhow. And if that's what you see in the shop window, what are the inferences to be drawn regarding the yard at the back of the shop; out of sight, behind a city street with never an inch of spare space? No, city shops are no fit places for the keeping, or the selling, *or the buying* of live flesh and blood persons, such as Dogs. Choose your Dog from his natural habitat, where he was bred. To say that by the other method you do good by releasing one, at least, from caged misery, is no excuse for supporting a vicious system. It's demand that regulates supply in all such anachronisms."

It's a pity there's no censorship of printed advice where this affects health and happiness. Here's a sample from a big provincial city: "Remember that your Dog's needs vary as much as your own; and it is not very kind to offer him meat and dry biscuits in very hot weather. Nature and his own intelligence warn him that such food is too heating, and it is cruel to let him go short because of his intelligence. Cold bread and milk, and green vegetable with perhaps a taste of gravy to make it appetising, make ideal dishes for your favourite in summer-time." Do they? They may, of course, if your "favourite" is a kitten with vegetarian tastes, or even an embryo G. B. S.; but not, assuredly not, if he is a member of the canine tribe. Green vegetables are not food at all for a Dog, and starch and pap, besides being far more heating than lean meat and biscuit, condemn him to flatulent melancholy, and invariably upset his digestive system. Try Sippets and Osoko as biscuit variants, and lightly boiled fish (carefully boned, please) between lean meat days, no slops—always food that demands chewing.

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

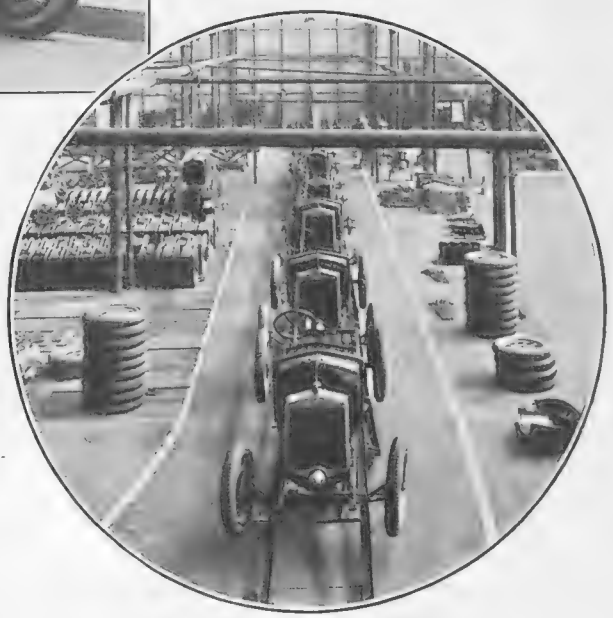
AN ACTRESS AND HER CAR

Miss Ellaline Terriss, the famous actress, who in private life is Mrs. Seymour Hicks, photographed stepping into her new car. It is a 20 h.p. Austin Six-Cylinder Ranelagh Landaulette

DELIVERIES are just commencing of a new and very attractive model of the Rover Six. It is the Sportsman's Coupé, and combines comfort and appearance in a very striking design. The body is of the genuine Weymann type, and is what the Americans call a close-coupled five-seater; that is to say, the rear seats are arranged on the "occasional" method, but full leg-room is provided by deep wells sunk in the floor, and the two doors are so wide that each gives access to both front and rear seats, in the latter case without tilting the front seats forward. The roof is of the folding type, and can be opened or closed in a few moments. Wire wheels are fitted as standard, the upholstery is in real furniture hide, and a large range of attractive body colours is available. At the rear of the body is a large trunk, fitted with two cases of sensible size. With its polished walnut decoration and expensive soft leather upholstery, the whole car has an air of luxury which belies its modest price of £435.

* *
*

AFTER showing a party of Press representatives round the Fiat assembly works at Crayford recently, Mr. M. Nathan, one of the directors, revealed some interesting facts about this company and its ambitions for the Fiat interests in England. At the Crayford works we had just seen the considerable amount of work that the mere process of assembly already gives to British labour. The company owns over 120,000 sq. ft. of floor space at Wembley and 25,000 sq. ft. at Crayford, and Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., utilise almost exclusively for Fiat bodywork at Crayford an area of 200,000 sq. ft. and employ 500 workpeople. With the exception of a few models all Fiat bodies are English made. Referring to these figures, Mr. Nathan said, "They are very modest and very small as compared with what I would like to see, but, gentlemen, I would remind you of the acorn! I personally hope that in the future the greater part of our cars will be built in England, and my dream for the Fiat in England is to have a car built here, though with an Italian 'heart'—the engine—because I firmly believe that as far as engines are concerned Italian engineers are really amongst the best in the world."



A MOTOR WORKS IN KENT

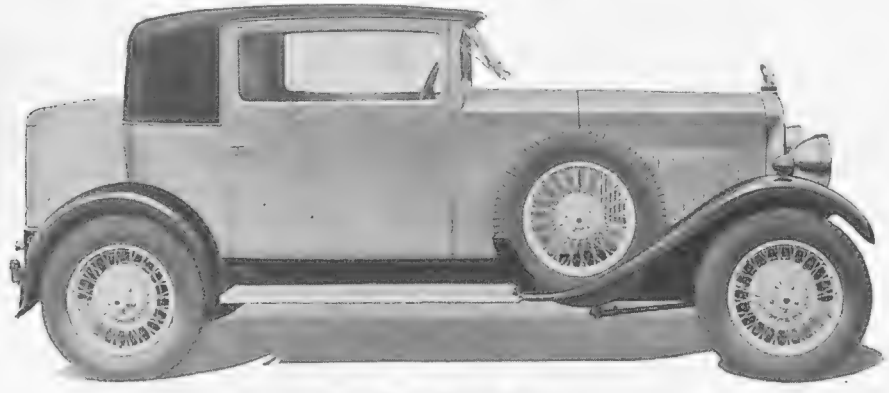
A photograph of the Fiat assembly works at Crayford, Kent. Messrs. Vickers Ltd. utilise almost exclusively for Fiat bodywork at Crayford an area of 200,000 sq. ft., and employ 500 workpeople

* *
*

A CORRESPONDENT tells me of a new horror encountered on the road. He is an elderly man, and when driving a new car with his wife along a country road he was passed by a rather seedy conveyance containing three young roughs who signalled to him that there was something wrong with his car, so that he drew up to investigate. They also stopped and told him that his back wheel was wobbling rather badly. He got out and found it quite all right. Meanwhile, the men were hanging around, and it began to dawn on him that there was something queer about the whole business. In the nick of time another car, well filled with hefty-looking people, came in sight round a bend in the road, and he made as if to stop them. At this the youths found it convenient to get into their own car and move off. Was this a new form of hold-up? If so, it is certainly a very clever ruse, and readers would be well advised to be on the look out for anything of the kind.

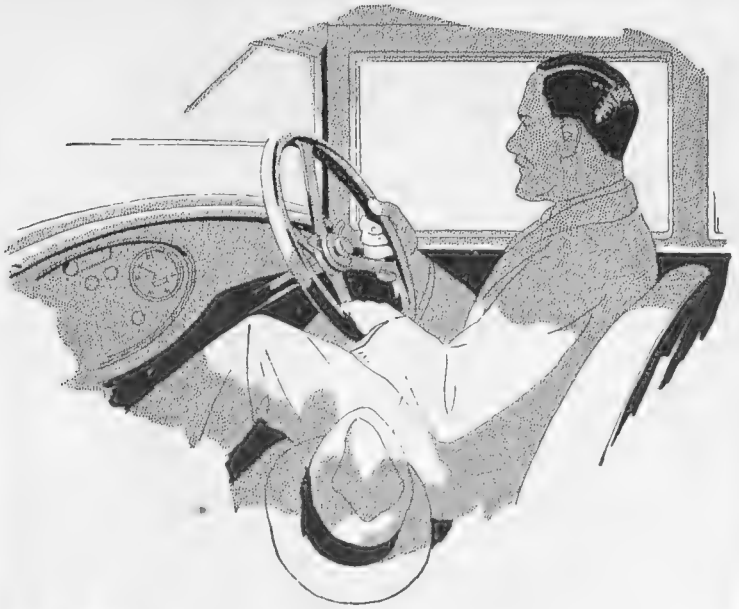
* *
*

CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL, the well-known racing driver, and the holder of the world's speed record, has just purchased a Super Six Crossley fabric saloon, after extended trials.



AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL

A photograph of a new and attractive model of the Rover Six. It is the Sportsman's Coupé, the body being of the genuine Weymann type



Drive without dread

Round the next corner there's a wild man on wheels. On every road you meet him. His carelessness is real reason for dread. If your car is fitted with ordinary glass he's a source of positive terror. Just a touch, a mere graze, in one of his exuberant moments and ordinary glass is shattered into fragments. You cannot teach him wisdom, but you can be wise yourself. Fit Triplex to your car. Insist on Triplex Glass for the windscreen and windows of the car you are buying. Triplex cannot shatter under the severest shock. Triplex is unsplinterable. Triplex is your *practical* insurance against injury.

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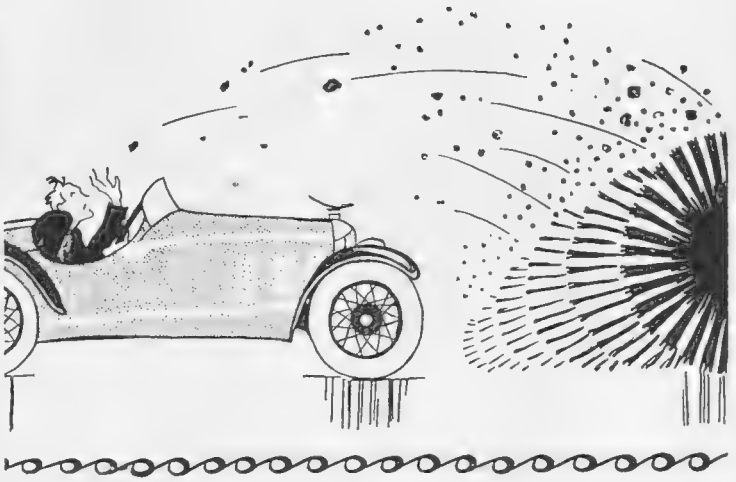

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Pauline Portraits

A TOUCH OF SUMMER

A distinctly "hot weather" study of Rita Maitland, an attractive member of the "Clowns in Clover" Company. To judge by the photograph, she is a belle who is not wringing

Femina

To Bathe Or Not to Bathe?

By CANDIDA

To bathe or not to bathe? Can there be any question about it when a heavenly breeze ruffles the water into tiny ripples and the great golden sun makes clothes a burden, and one's newest and latest and best is just asking to be taken out and aired? Aired—yes, but not necessarily wetted. Opinions vary as to the wetting even on this beach. To that striped jersey over there, jersey with no flourishes or other nonsense about it, a beach is just a starting place for a jolly swim. It's got no soul above a fish, that jersey, and may even cover, for aught I know, one of those tiresome women who'll swim anything for the swimming's sake—and the record's. But for that powder-blue *crêpe de Chine ensemble,* with its gallant Rodier cloak, its elaborate tartan and pretty sandals, a beach is a bit of yellow velvet made to recline on, and the shimmering blue of sea and sky is a lovely background to one's laziness. Laziness did I say? Sun-bathing is a strenuous business; ask the bathers. To catch your sun at all is a feat; to endure him with fortitude when caught is another, whereas bathing of the wet sort requires no sterling qualities at all. According to some of the best people, it's the refuge of the hopelessly old-fashioned, the crank, the unimaginative, the prejudiced, the feeble-minded. What is there in getting wet and then dry again? But to bathe in the sun, if any, to dabble in the new ultra-violet something, or to air-bathe if there's nothing else doing—all that has a zest and a picturesqueness of its own. And, incidentally, it's so good for the *chic* of one's bathing dress.

S

The question of what to bathe in, now that it's on view most of the time, is twice as important as it was. The art of covering oneself depends for success on the one who's made the covering, that is, "*Cherchez le couturier.*" There are some fortunate people who'd look divine in a bolster; but, for one thing, they're few and far between, and, for another, they'd look nicer still in something less unsophisticated. But the art of uncovering oneself depends first and last on what there is to uncover, that is, "*Cherchez la femme.*" Incidentally, she's quite visible to the naked eye. No, I'm not referring to the new evening frocks that begin so late and end so early. It's such an old story, and as everything that happens between that beginning and ending is so delightful it would be ridiculous to object. I'm talking of the new bathing *ensembles,* the "no-pieces," as somebody called them, those flowers that bloom every August, and never did it more exotically than in this one.

S

Colour is *it* this season, colour and cut. Bathing-dresses with a cut about them? How is it possible to do anything very startling with half a yard of jersey or *crêpe de Chine,* or whatever it is? Possible? Oh, dear, yes; everything's possible. Even on this beach, which gives itself no airs, I see some strange efforts in orange and green, in scarlet and mustard yellow, the second colour zig-zagging in lightning patterns across the first, mostly round regions better left unemphasised. "Horizontal stripes should be avoided by all except the very slim," I learned in my infancy, and religiously avoided they were. We're braver now, if the stripes I meet on all and sundry are anything to go by. No doubt it would be difficult to give those stripes the slip when buying your suit off a peg—a peg by courtesy. Its scantiness would go into your pocket if you had one. Where there are stripes (and there always are stripes, because it's the easiest way in decoration) they run round the figure, and it's up to you not to look like a congested stick of barley-sugar—the bathing-suit declines all responsibility.

S

No, not quite, because that's exactly where that famous cut comes in. I can't pretend to explain how it's done, but where there's a regrettable length of horizontal stripe it's intersected somewhere in the cleverest way, and the rest is all optical illusion. Those who remember the legend of the stripes jump to the conclusion that the portly people inside them must be slim or they wouldn't dare; and those who never knew it don't count, anyway.

S

In bathing-dresses that something new so essential to some people's happiness hasn't much space to be new in. Not that there's ever any difficulty in being new in bad taste. Rubber pearls, for instance, and cloaks of waterproof velvet, satin turbans and painted sandals. There's never any lack of this sort of thing somewhere or other in France. It's worn, I wonder by whom? There's no telling where the mere lady ends and the mannequin begins. But when you're paid to wear stuff that makes your hair stand on end and your blood run cold you wear it with fortitude. *Noblesse oblige,* and lots of the old *noblesse* makes its living as best it can. People must be kept amused somehow, or, if you prefer it, the designer people must make their money also somehow. Even here we've got lots of bathing cloaks and things which are frightfully original and difficult to wear.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

Mr. Norman Kernick, of East London, S. Africa, and his bride, Miss Helen Murray, photographed after their wedding. This took place at Cambridge, in South Africa

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

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My word they are good! No wonder you men are so enthusiastic about them

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20 *for* 1/-

CRICKET

In the North and South of England

By
MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

A SPECTACULAR CATCH *Central News*

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the England Captain, photographed in the act of catching Mr. Francis in the slips off Tate in the third Test Match. England beat the West Indies very easily by an innings and 71 runs

As far as we can guess Lancashire seem practically certain again to win the County Championship for the third time in succession. He would be a bold man who asserted that they did not deserve it.

Up till almost the time of writing it seemed nearly a foregone conclusion that Kent would win for the first time since 1913. Kent have a magnificent side, with two opening batsmen with a reputation this year almost equal to that of Sutcliffe and Holmes, or Hobbs and Sandham. Then there is the great Woolley to go in first wicket down, and an England wicket-keeper behind the stumps, also Freeman, the finest spin bowler in the country, to get wickets for them, not to mention Percy Chapman, the Captain of the All-England Team to Australia, to fall back upon. To show the strength of the Kent batting I might mention that, when dining with Chapman some weeks ago, he remarked, with perhaps superfluous modesty, that, when the regular side appeared for his county in August, he would, if lucky enough to be chosen to play, probably have to bat eighth on the list!

Why is it that with such a wealth of talent at their command the Southern county have, to all appearances, dropped the prize just when it seemed within their grasp? Is it just the proverbial luck of the game, or is this result due to some fundamental difference between the way cricket is played, or even inspired by audiences, in our Northern and Southern counties?

One must remember that, until Lancashire won the Championship two years ago, Yorkshire had been top ever since the War, except for the two victories by Middlesex. Ethnological students have remarked from earliest times that Northerners are of quite a different temperament to the Southerners. They are dourer, more stubborn, more determined. When so many wise men have discussed this subject, it is unnecessary for me to debate it here, and I only wish to note that fact, particularly as my own observations, extending over a number of years, emphatically tend to confirm the view that in cricket, as in more important walks of life, there is certainly a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the North and the South.

The game is assuredly played in a grim and resolute manner in Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is impossible to tempt a member of one of these great sides to take his life in his hands when there is anything at stake. It may be that the question is a psychological one, but it always strikes me that there is a peculiar and formidable solidity about the batting of these teams which you do not find in others from further down the map.

Hallows and Watson, of Lancashire, and Sutcliffe and Holmes, from Yorkshire, are like rocks against which the craft and subtlety of the bowler beat in vain! Ernest Tyldesley can hit the ball with phenomenal force for a smallish man, but one must admit that restraint is the keynote of his batting in County cricket. One might say the same of every member of the two Northern sides, that apparently they believe in " slow and sure " as a motto. Their policy is, it seems, at any rate to make sure that there should be no hint of failure in the first innings. They always mean to build on a good foundation.

To come to the North bowling: The same characteristics are, I think, visible also. If their opponents' wickets are not falling, they are content to peg away with a perfect length off which it is almost impossible to score quickly, and to trust to the batsman becoming impatient, a fault which they themselves never commit, and losing his wicket in some rash attempt.

The spectators, unlike those on some other grounds I could name, never show impatience either, as they understand the game from A to Z. Every match is to them like a Test Match. They *have* been known to " barrack " slow play, but never when they understand that slow play is called for by the state of the game.

I remember at the Test Match at Old Trafford between England and Australia in 1921, when Collins, the Australian, was over 4½ hours in getting 40 runs out of a total of 175 (incidentally a magnificent display of defensive batting which saved his side) a spectator shouted to me: " Tennyson, recite Collins one of your grandfather's poems; that may get him out! "

This, however, was a good-natured witticism, meant only to raise a laugh, which it certainly did, as all the ground heard this piece of waggery. Notwithstanding the patient nature of Collins' play, it was appreciated by all the spectators at its real value.

One cannot help admiring the grit and will to win displayed by the two great Northern teams, who have practically formed the Championship between them since cricket started again after the War, but being a Southerner myself, I should be very glad if Kent still managed to win for a change. I really think it would be for the good of the game. The Kent side has always had the reputation of having vivacious and sparkling players to represent it, and these are qualities which cannot help appealing to everyone who loves cricket.

No doubt those who are willing to take a chance do not have so long a life as those who, to all intents and purposes, omit the word " chance " from their vocabulary. There can, indeed, be no question which is the most valuable method in, let us say, International cricket in Australia, where games are played to a finish. I will even admit that as a training ground for International cricketers the North is superior to the South. From the spectators' point of view, however, the play of teams like Kent, Sussex, Warwickshire, and Gloucester, is surely more entertaining.

One often hears it said that if cricket were made faster and livelier, with a certain time limit allotted to each side to make runs, that every ground in the country would be packed to suffocation. This is a debatable point, and I do not believe that any system like this would really be successful, as the scientific aspect of the game in such circumstances would vanish altogether.

Evelyn Laye & Geoffrey Gwyther
in "BLUE EYES"

Stage Photo Co.

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Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Practicability and smartness are combined in this outfit, which is built of Scotch suiting. The double scarf is an interesting innovation. It comes from Peter Robinson

The First Autumn Coats

THE most important features of the coats which will be worn during the autumn are undoubtedly collars and cuffs. Huge Medici collars of long-haired fur will be worn on cloth coats and those of smooth skins. These stand away from the throat, and form a very becoming frame for the head. Often a deep hem of the same fur is added, and the cuffs are merely narrow wristlets, over which the exceedingly full sleeves are pouched. This fulness begins always below the elbow. Others that have roll collars of fur, or upstanding square ones, boast deep, imposing looking cuffs that reach almost to the elbow, and are frequently elaborately shaped. Short coats of Breitschwantz, which is light and practical, are likely to win many adherents, for they are exceedingly smart, especially when trimmed with a contrasting fur, inasmuch as they can be draped to the figure as closely as a cloth coat. An interesting whim is to have a wrap finished with a scarf collar of the material, a long fox tail forming the hanging end. Cuffs of fox complete the scheme. Velvet, plain or patterned, moire, and heavyweight lainages will be the favourite autumn coat materials.

Ideal for wear with the neat tailored suits which will be seen during the autumn is this Russian Marten tie from The City Fur Store

Clothes for the Fall

ALL sportswomen will appreciate the suit which is sketched on this page, for it combines smartness, and that air of "correctness" which is so much desired. It is built of Scotch suiting in a new and particularly pleasing mixture of reddish-brown tones. The coat has three deep inverted pleats at the back, and it is distinguished by a neat double scarf which forms the collar. The narrow leather belt adds to the workmanlike appearance of this outfit, which may be purchased at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, for 9½ guineas. Three-piece stockinette suits may be found in these salons for 69*s.*, while skirts and coats (with or without sleeves) of West of England suiting, with jumpers of fine stockinette trimmed with inset bands of the suiting, may be obtained, in all sizes, from 4½ guineas. With long coats instead, of excellent quality suiting or tweed, adorned with collars and cuffs of fur, they are available from 6½ guineas.

Furs at Summer Prices

ALL through the dog days furs have been seen, so loth are women to ever give them up. And now, when chilly evenings are beginning to be felt, it is particularly opportune to know that they may be obtained throughout this month at The City Fur Store at low summer prices. Illustrated on this page is a luxurious coat in natural grey squirrel,

This coat of natural grey squirrel is distinguished by the beauty of the carefully matched and exquisitely worked skins. At the City Fur Store

Joyously she basks in the health-giving sunlight, secure in the knowledge that the delicacy of her complexion is adequately guarded by Innoxa Mousse

After an exhilarating day spent on the golf course, or motoring in the wind, the application of Innoxa Milk cleanses and soothes the skin, making it glow with youthful vitality

with a large gathered collar. The lining is of broché, and the skins have been carefully matched and exquisitely worked. It may be purchased for the amazingly small sum of 59 guineas. The handsome three-skin tie is of Russian Marten, lined with matching brown velvet, and it costs 16 guineas. Every garment disposed of during the sale carries the firm's full guarantee, and shows a reduction of 25 per cent.

Natural Loveliness

WOMEN now realise more than they ever did before how invaluable an asset is a clear, smooth complexion, glowing with youthful vitality. Fortunate, indeed, are those who have discovered the wonderful Innoxa beauty preparations, which are prepared specially to promote the health of the skin. Innoxa Complexion Milk thoroughly cleanses it, and has a delightfully refreshing, as well as a nutritive effect. Innoxa Mousse—the day cream—should be used very sparingly as a base for powder. It gives the face a soft, velvety appearance, and protects it from the wind and sun. Sixpence sent to Beauté, Ltd., 38, Old Bond Street, W., will bring a trial outfit containing a bottle of Innoxa milk, a jar of Innoxa mousse, and ten shades of Innoxa powder, which is superfine. Last, but not least, it contains a useful brochure on beauty.

Colour Inspirations

THE summer months have definitely strengthened the feeling for patterned materials, and it is certain that they will continue to be worn beneath warm coats right through the autumn and winter. It is difficult to imagine what women would do to-day without San Toy fabrics, so greatly do they rely upon them. Especially have the mothers of small children cause for gratitude, for they are able to keep them in delightful dresses of this silky material, secure in the knowledge that their bairns will look their very best, and that nothing of the fresh appearance of the frocks will be sacrificed when they are washed. The colours are guaranteed and it should be borne in mind that Courtauld's marocains in plain shades are charming in conjunction with San Toy.

During the Holidays

IT is during restful hours spent beside the sea, or in the heart of the country, that many women like to make for themselves dainty lingerie, or to fashion small garments for the occupants of the nursery. In either case Cash's British-made ribbons are indispensable, for they are very strong and may be washed again and again without being removed, while there is a very wide range of colours, both plain and in brocaded and embroidered effects.

The three little people on the left are prettily dressed in frocks of San Toy, which wears and washes splendidly. Their small friends are clad in equally charming garments which are adorned with Cash's Ribbons that look just like embroidery

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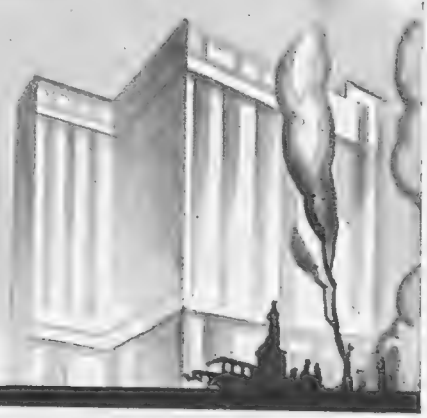

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Stoke Court, a stately home once occupied by the poet Gray, lost none of its old-world charm when it was opened recently as a fashionable country club. The Manor enjoys a fine situation in the "Poets' Corner" of Buckinghamshire and is surrounded by quiet woodland scenery. All the modern conveniences have been tastefully and thoughtfully blended with the literary and historic atmosphere of the building, so as to produce a residence of very great attraction for long or short visits, and the neighbourhood provides excellent facilities for all kinds of sport, including hunting and golfing.

The Advent of Kodacolour

Kodacolour, the new process of amateur cinematography in natural colours, which has been perfected in the Eastman Research Laboratories at Rochester, New York, is considered as important a step forward as the introduction of the first Kodak in 1888. A transparent gelatine disc divided into three sections, representing the primary colours, red, green and blue-violet, is placed on the lens of the cine-Kodak, and as the light passes through the disc it becomes separated into its appropriate colour group. The film itself introduces a revolutionary element in photographic manufacture, the side opposite the sensitive emulsion being embossed with thousands of tiny cylindrical lenses invisible to the naked eye, the light rays, before impinging on the emulsion, passing through these myriad lenses, behind each of which three distinct microscopical black and white images are formed, one for each primary colour.

A similar gelatine disc to that used in the cine-Kodak is placed on the lens of the projecting apparatus when the pictures are screened and the light of the projector passes through the film in such a way that it shines out the tiny cylindrical lenses on the actual film, then through the coloured disc on the projector lens, each ray being distributed through its proper colour section. The result is a perfect picture in natural colours on the screen.

IN THE GROUNDS OF STOKE COURT

ON HOLIDAY

The Gaekwar of Baroda enjoying the summer sunshine whilst on holiday in Switzerland. He is seen at the Palace Hotel, Burgenstock

Although Kodacolour will not be available to the British public until next year, a very successful demonstration was recently held in America before a group of distinguished scientists and public men (including Mr. Edison, General Pershing, Mr. Hiram Maxim, and Sir James Irvine, the Principal of St. Andrew's University), and the results clearly showed that the advent of Kodacolour will prove to be of very real importance and an enormous step forward in this science.

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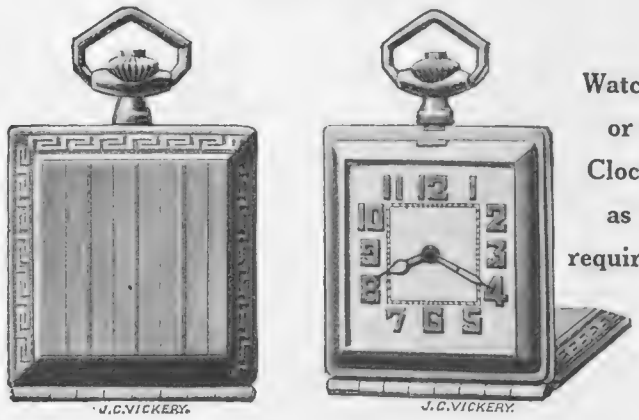

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Novel Beauty Hints

By MIMOSA.

My advice to smart women, who demand the very best results, is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary, get only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column from time to time just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, and I know that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints, which involve no expense at all.

"Grey Hair."—I have observed many attempts of many people to conceal grey hair. Some of these experiments were amusing, some disastrous, and some were successful. Personally, I believe I shall let my hair turn when the appointed time comes, but if I were going to try to evade it I would give a trial to a real old "grandmother" formula that would probably do the work. This formula, I am informed, has been used with degrees of success for many generations, and consists merely of one ounce of concentrate of tammalite mixed with four ounces of bay rum. It is applied to the grey hair a few times with a small sponge, and ladies tell me it appears to darken the hair to a natural shade, not like a dye, but gradually and naturally.

"Blackheads and Enlarged Pores."—The sparkling face-bath treatment is the most pleasant and effective method of overcoming this trouble. Get a few stymol tablets from your chemist, and dissolve one in a cup of hot water. Dab the face with the lotion and the blackheads will pop out and the large pores close up and efface themselves quite naturally.

"'Wavy' Shampoo."—You do not brush your hair enough, nor wash it enough. A delightful shampoo, which also has a tendency to make straight hair wavy, besides cleansing the scalp and making the hair soft, fluffy and glossy, can easily be made at home. Get a package of stallax and dissolve one teaspoonful in a cup of hot water for each shampoo.

"'Face-peeling' At Home."—Your questions *re* "face-peeling" are typical of hundreds received lately. 1. Do not allow your face to be "operated" upon by *anyone* without the attendance and advice of your own surgeon. 2. Yes, it is possible to peel your face, in a minor way, at home, thus clearing your complexion without inconvenience. I have seen extremely satisfactory results. Get an ounce of pure mercolized wax and apply it nightly like cold cream. This substance has the peculiar power of absorbing all worn or lifeless tissue, but does not affect healthy tissue. It is also used for removing freckles, tan and blotches. It slowly absorbs the half-dead, sickly, unsightly outer film, thus revealing the fresh young vigorous complexion underneath.

"Superfluous Hair."—Your question is a common one. The quickest and safest way to remove superfluous hair is to apply a little sipolite. Get about half an ounce from the chemist and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water and apply directly to the hair, which then shrivels up and can be rubbed off after two or three minutes, leaving no trace.

"Colour Without Rouge."—I should judge your pallor to be natural, and nothing to worry about. Women of refinement who shrink from rouge often use ordinary colliandum instead, because it cannot be detected if the least care is taken in applying it with the finger tips.

"A Novel Remedy for Obesity."—The figure can be restored to its original graceful slimness without any trouble or injury to the health, and without the knowledge of one's dearest friends. Three clynol berries, taken one after each meal, will quickly and permanently remove not only the outward signs of the disease, the superabundant flesh, but will overcome the unnatural desire of the digestive organs to create fatty matter. Most chemists keep a few in stock.

"Right Kind of Soap."—Very likely the trouble is with your soap. You must carefully avoid soaps containing an excess of alkali, which roughens the skin. The one perfect product which I have come across is called Pilenta Soap. It is delightfully perfumed and so perfectly blended that it is a pleasure to use, leaving the skin very soft and smooth.

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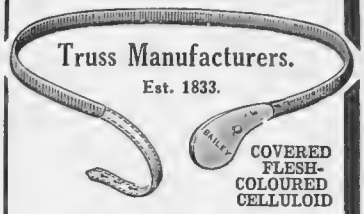

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Mousse of Salmon (Iced).
A Jellied Meat Mould.
Mayonnaise of Eggs.
Iced Savoury Soufflé.

Mousse of Salmon (Iced)

Free 1 lb. of cold salmon from skin and bone, and pound it well. Then add to it half a pint of hot fish stock which has been stiffened with two leaves of gelatine; add salt and pepper. Slightly salt half a pint of cream, and whip it and the fish together. Place in a china soufflé dish, smooth the top with a wet knife, and place in a pan of crushed ice for two hours before serving. Serve with cut cucumber.

A Jellied Meat Mould

Melt ½ oz. of gelatine in one pint of vegetable stock, and when cold pour in enough to form a layer at the bottom of a soufflé tin; when set, arrange some cold vegetables, such as carrots cut up small, and peas, round the lower part of the tin, and some sliced hard-boiled eggs in the centre; pour a little more stock over, and allow it to set. Cut some cold cooked meat, lamb, beef, or chicken, and a quarter pound of cooked ham or bacon into dice, and arrange a layer in the tin, then more stock and vegetables and egg, until the tin is full; ½ lb. of meat, 2½ lb. of ham will be required. Put on ice and leave to set. Turn out and serve with salad.

Mayonnaise of Eggs

Shell four hard-boiled eggs and cut them in halves lengthways. Peel and cut four ripe tomatoes in halves, put them on a baking-tin, and bake them in the oven till tender; then let them get cold. Arrange them on a dish, and season with salt and pepper; place half an egg, cut side downwards on each tomato. Have ready half a pint of stiff mayonnaise sauce, well flavoured with tarragon vinegar, and coat the eggs and tomatoes smoothly with it. Decorate the dish with a little cucumber and beetroot, and serve.

Iced Savoury Soufflé

This dish can be made of almost any kind of fish, chicken, or game; it is excellent with crab. Cut up the crab, or whatever it may be, into very small pieces; let it soak in mayonnaise sauce for two or three hours. Take some well-flavoured aspic jelly and whip it till it is frothy. Put some of this at the bottom of the dish it is to be served in; then place a layer of the crab and fill it up with aspic and crab alternately till the mould is nearly full; place a stiff band of paper round, and fill in with whipped aspic. Put it on ice for two hours, take off the paper, and serve.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

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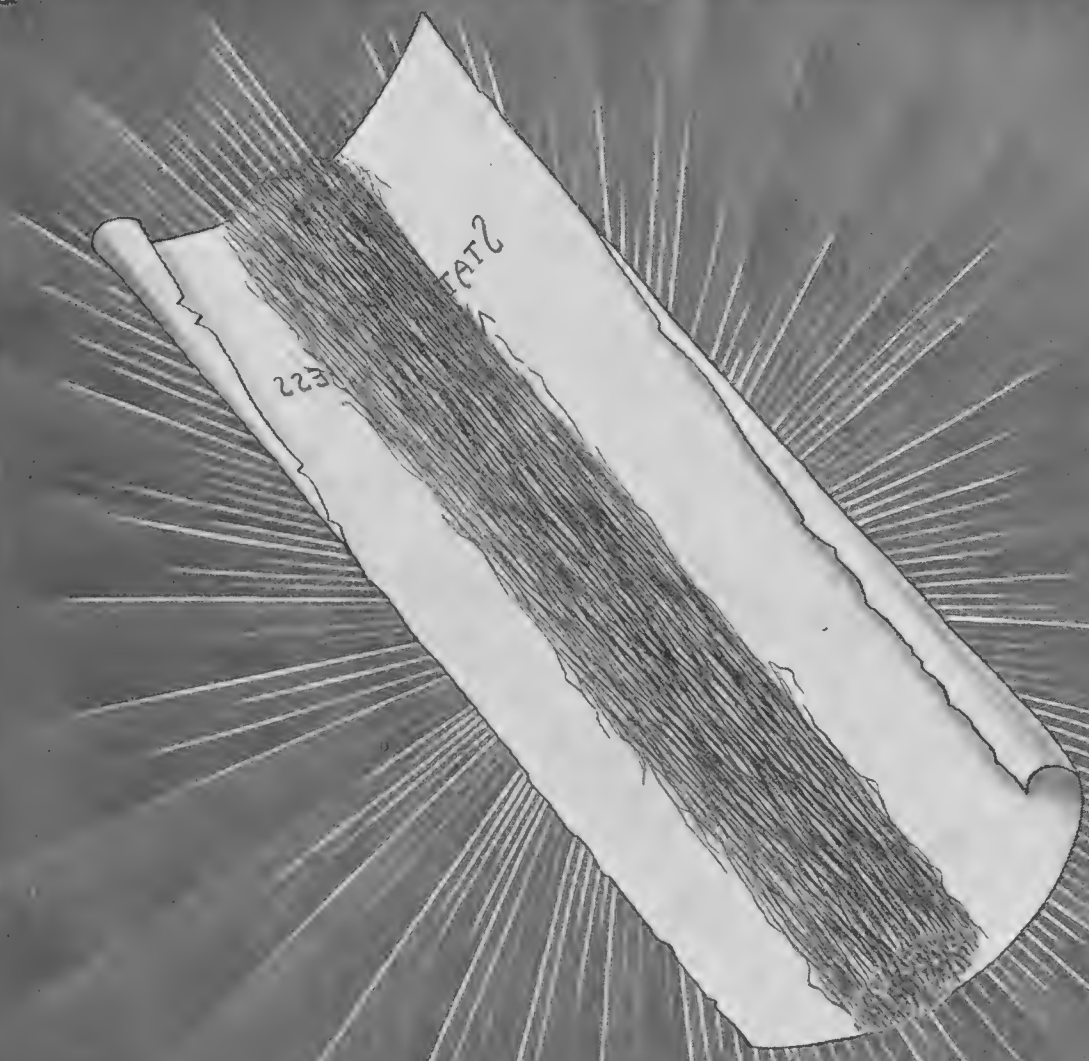

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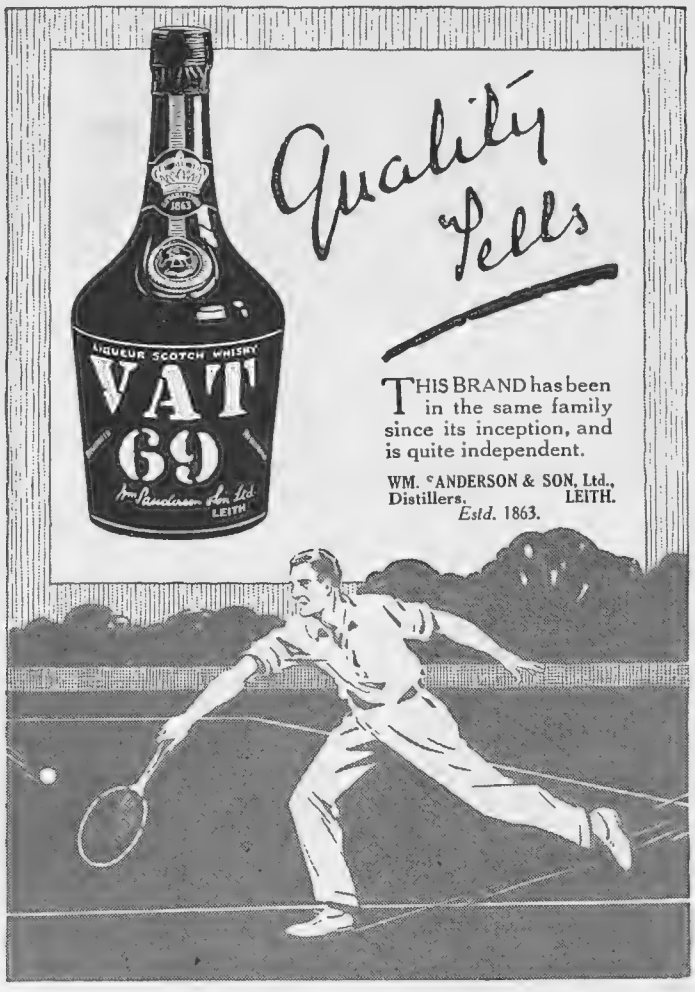

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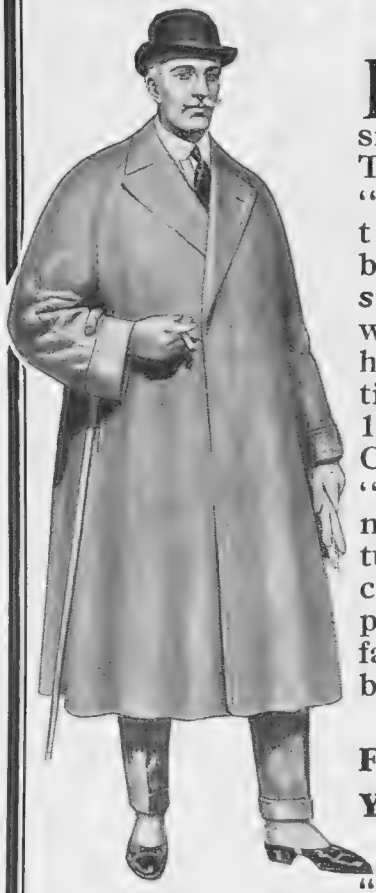

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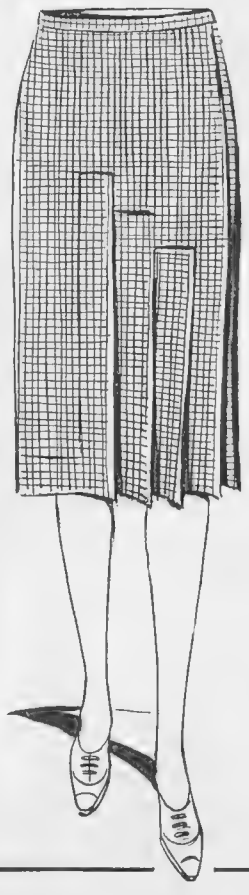

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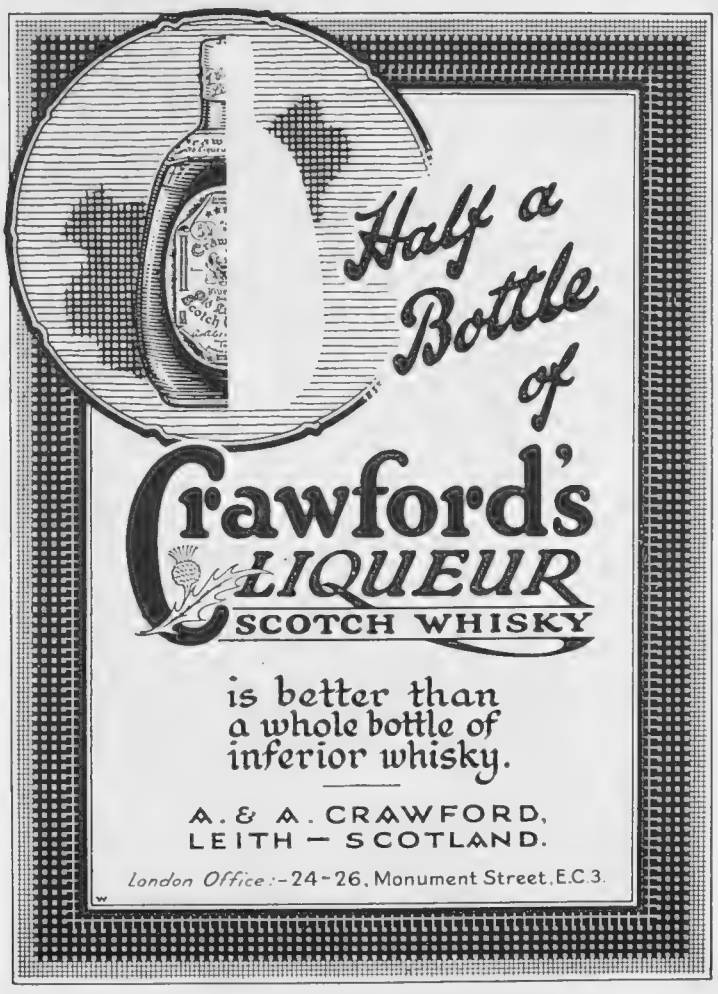

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